# The Outlook

Vol. 75 September 26, 1903 No. 4

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# The Outlook

Published Weekly

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**The New York Campaign: Mr. Jerome's Letter**

Before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers they will know what effect, if any, Mr. Jerome's bitter assault upon Mr. Low has had on the question of Mr. Low's renomination. We call it bitter because Mr. Jerome has himself somewhat naïvely so characterized it in saying, "I will fight as strongly and as bitterly as I know how Mr. Low's renomination." We need not summarize Mr. Jerome's objections to that nomination, because he has done so himself toward the close of his long letter in the following sentences:

> To summarize—First, Mr. Low should not be renominated because of his personal unpopularity, caused, not by adherence to the principles of reform, but springing from the personal character of the man. Had the antagonism to him arisen because of his adherence to and enforcement of reform principles, no decent man could doubt that he should be renominated.
>
> Second—The sincerity that was in the campaign of 1901 gave us the victory. Should Mr. Low be renominated under the existing conditions, we should commence the campaign patently insincerely.

Apart from the bitter personal tone which characterizes Mr. Jerome's letter, it is subject to the serious criticism that he makes his own convictions the standard by which to judge public questions, and so assumes that every one must share his personal dislike for Mr. Low, and therefore that the apparent approval of Mr. Low as "the logical candidate" must be insincere. The truth is that while Mr. Jerome arouses greater enthusiasm by his speeches, Mr. Low wins greater confidence and respect by his executive acts. The two men are temperamentally opposed, and to this fact, not to any ignoble ambition for office or more ignoble feeling of jealousy, Mr. Jerome's opposition must be ascribed. Mr. Low is characteristically cautious, Mr. Jerome's characteristic is audacity; Mr. Low is as brave as Mr. Jerome, but he dislikes a fight as much as Mr. Jerome enjoys it; Mr. Low takes counsel from many advisers, Mr. Jerome from none; Mr. Low never takes a position unless he is confident he will have no occasion to retract it; Mr. Jerome acts from impulses, though we believe always from impulses of the better sort; Mr. Low is possibly too much of an opportunist, Mr. Jerome is certainly too impatient a radical. Both are men of great self-confidence, and each is in the right place: Mr. Low has made an admirable Mayor, Mr. Jerome an absolutely honest and an invincibly courageous District Attorney. We doubt whether ever in municipal history in the United States as much real improvement has been accomplished in so short a time and under such great difficulties as has been accomplished under Mayor Low's administration in two years in New York City. It is a pity that Mr. Jerome has allowed his personal feeling against Mr. Low as a man to outweigh his previously expressed approval of Mr. Low's achievements as a Mayor. At the same time we recognize that he has a right to oppose the renomination of Mr. Low if he thinks the cause of reform would be better served by the nomination of a different candidate, and, whoever is nominated, we expect to see him faithfully fulfilling the promise implied in the sentence with which he ends his letter: "I am not a child to sulk and refuse to play because others will not play the game in the way I want to and think they should."



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**Comptroller Grout's Letter**

Comptroller Grout's letter declaring his readiness to accept renomination upon the Fusion ticket deals the most serious blow yet given to the attempt of Tammany Hall to conduct the New York City campaign upon National issues. Mr. Grout several months ago expressed his desire to retire from office at the close of his term. During his recent absence in Europe this expression became one of the most disturbing factors in the campaign. When he returned on Thursday of last week, he found Tammany ready to promise him its support for any nomination he might desire if he would now retire and bring confusion into the Fusion movement. To the delight of all friends of reform, he promptly wrote a letter to President Cutting, of the Citizens' Union, declaring that the only issue rightly before the people of New York was the record of the present administration, and that he was ready to put aside his preference for retirement in order to work as effectively as possible with the defenders of the administration. Two personal reasons, he said, especially moved him to take this position. One was the personal attack upon Mayor Low, made by those "who have not worked side by side with him for two years and who have not seen his breadth of view and strong grasp upon municipal questions and his marked ability to get results." The other was the attempt to inject National issues into the city contest. Upon this point Comptroller Grout recognized that his prominence as a regular Democrat made it peculiarly his duty to resist the assumption that party regularity forbade independent action in city elections. The New York Court of Appeals, he said, had fully established the law in the matter, and the New York and Brooklyn Democratic organizations had a year ago in the Gubernatorial contest recognized his party standing. The result of that contest in the metropolis, he pointed out, had demonstrated the falsity of the assertion that independent voting in a previous city election weakened the power of a party to unite effectively in a State or National election. This letter is the more important because it comes from the most prominent leader of the New York Democracy, who warmly supported his party in both of the last two National campaigns, when nearly all of the leaders of Tammany Hall were apathetic or hostile to their party's attitude on the dominant National issues. For Mr. Grout to declare that allegiance to the National Democracy ought not to influence any Democrat to support Tammany Hall in the coming city election has more effect than the same declaration coming from any other man in New York City.

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**The Case of Miss Todd**

One reason why public interest in the removal of Miss Huldah Todd from a Delaware fourth-class post-office continues week after week is that Postmaster-General Payne's explanations of the affair have been so numerous: serial publication of an explanation is never reassuring. At first Mr. Payne declared in Miss Todd's presence that she was removed because she was "particularly and personally obnoxious to Senator Allee"—Addicks's faction-leader. At this interview, according to uncontradicted reports, Mr. Payne told Miss Todd that no charges had been preferred against her and none existed. But in his third—or was it the fourth?—explanation Mr. Payne asserted that Miss Todd had used her office as a headquarters for the anti-Addicks faction, and that she had "virtually admitted" this. If this charge of political offensive partisanship were true, under the rules it should have been formally made and a hearing had; Miss Todd's friends deny the charge *in toto*, and if this were the cause of removal, she should have had a chance for defense. Between these two theories of his own motives Mr. Payne advanced the idea that Miss Todd's "term of office" had expired, that she had held over by political grace only, and that it was well understood that her office really "belonged" to Senator Allee under the simple system through which the postal business of the people is handed over to the Senators, to be amicably divided by them among their political friends—a system the absurdity of

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which from every public and business point of view affords an amazing contrast to the postal methods of every other great nation. But it at once appeared that fourth-class postmasters have no terms of office, properly speaking, and the act again became one of dismissal, not of failing to reappoint. Moreover, Mr. Payne is personally on record as having once said: "The policy of the Administration is not to make removals of fourth-class postmasters without cause." Thereupon came forth the specific charges of partisanship. It is understood that the President will investigate the matter; and it is to be hoped that not merely justice in this individual case, but some broad, comprehensive principle for dealing with civil service employees of this grade, will result. Already the case has brought about a most important discussion as to whether fourth-class postmasters may not, after all, come under the civil service rules. Mr. Greene, of the Civil Service Commission, and Mr. Goodwin, Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League, say (contrary to the existing impression) that they do, and quote from the new rules, signed by the President last April, as follows:

> The classified service shall include all officers and employees in the executive civil service of the United States, heretofore or hereafter appointed or employed, in positions now existing or hereafter to be created, of whatever function or designation, whether compensated by a fixed salary or otherwise, except persons employed merely as laborers, and persons whose appointments are subject to confirmation by the Senate.

This, on the face of it, certainly includes fourth-class postmasters, who are not "merely laborers," and the rules declare in plain language that against any employee in the classified service no discrimination shall be exercised because of his political or religious opinions or affiliations. It is true that this is a rule and not a law, but it has been signed by the President and it is operative until rescinded by him. President Roosevelt's belief in the largest practicable extension of the civil service reform principle is beyond question. Here he has a formidable weapon to aid him in keeping the post-offices out of the hands of political heelers.

**The Danbury Boycott: The Facts Stated**

We are indebted to a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" for the information on which we base the following statement of the lawsuits brought against the National officers of the American Federation of Labor, the National officers of the United Hatters of North America, and two hundred and fifty members of these organizations, residents of Danbury, Connecticut. D. E. Loewe & Co. are hat manufacturers in that town. Mr. Loewe has risen from the position of wage-earner to that of employer of labor, and has built up a large hat business. His factory was not unionized, but union men worked in it on the same terms as non-union men, and we do not understand that there were any labor difficulties in his shop. But he refused to accede to the demand that he make his shop a purely union shop, and thereupon the defendants combined to destroy his business, first by declaring a boycott on all the products of his factory, and next by declaring a boycott of all merchants throughout the United States who purchased the products of his factory. The influence of this boycott was such as to drive away his customers and threaten absolute ruin to his trade. The extent to which it was carried is indicated by the fact that "all retail hat dealers on the Pacific Coast were ordered not to deal with Triest & Co. (the largest hat jobbers in San Francisco) while Triest & Co. refused to observe the boycott on Loewe & Co.'s goods." Loewe & Co. have, we are glad to say, not surrendered to this assault. They have brought two suits, one in the Federal court to recover damages of two hundred and forty thousand dollars, basing this suit upon the ground that such a boycott is a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the object of which is "to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraint and monopoly." They have also brought suit in the State court to recover damages of one hundred thousand dollars and to enjoin the defendants from continuing to prosecute the boycott. In this latter suit they have issued attachments against the defendants, and these attachments are

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levied upon the houses and the bank accounts of individual members of the local unions, on the ground that they are personally responsible for the acts of the union to which they belong, the unions not being organized as corporations. It is said that the Anti-Boycott Association stands behind D. E. Loewe & Co. in these suits, and as the Federation of Labor is one of the defendants, it is probable that the case in the Federal courts will be eventually carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States. The Outlook has long held that labor unions not organized as corporations are in the nature of partnerships, and that all the members of the association are individually and personally liable, as partners, for the acts of the union or copartnership. We shall be very glad to see this question authoritatively passed upon by the highest court in the land.

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**The Danbury Boycott: The Questions Involved**

In order to form any accurate judgment respecting the merits of these suits, the reader must discriminate between three questions which the public and the press often treat as though they were identical: What is right? What ought to be illegal? What is illegal? Applying these questions in the present case, the three questions would be: (1) Is it morally right to declare such a boycott as was declared against the goods of D. E. Loewe & Co.? (2) If it is not right to declare such a boycott, ought it to be illegal?—that is, is the wrong perpetrated by such a boycott a wrong of which the law should take cognizance, and which it should prevent? (3) If it is a wrong of which the law should take cognizance, has in fact the law taken cognizance of it? Is, in other words, a boycott a violation either of an express statute of the law, or of the fundamental principles of the common law? In our judgment, the boycott in this case is wholly unjustifiable on ethical grounds. We are not prepared to say that all boycotts are unjustifiable. We think the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union have a right to agree together that they will not buy groceries of merchants who deal in liquor. On the same principle, we think the members of trades-unions have a right to agree together that they will not buy hats which do not bear a union label, and other members of the community have the same right to agree that they will not buy hats which do bear a union label. But it is quite another matter for men to agree together to compel their fellow-men to join them in a boycott. For the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to refuse to deal with dealers who do buy groceries at stores where liquors are sold, in order thus to compel such persons to join them in the boycott, would be morally wrong. We can hardly conceive a case in which what may be called a sympathetic boycott could be ethically defended. But whether such a boycott should be prohibited by law is another question. There are many wrongs which we must trust public opinion rather than legislative enactment to correct. We should prefer to see a vigorous attempt made by the independent members of the community, whether laborers or employers, to break the force of such a boycott as that declared against Loewe & Co., before the law is invoked to prevent it by penalty. The full force of public opinion has not yet been effectively invoked in such cases, partly because the boycotters have been organized and the non-boycotters have not been, partly because the majority of Americans, unfortunately, will submit even to palpable injustice rather than resist it, if resistance to the injustice promises to cost more than submission. The third question, whether such a boycott is against the law or not—that is, whether it is in fact either prohibited by any existing statute, State or Federal, or is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the common law—is the only question which the courts have to decide, and we shall not venture to anticipate their decision. It will probably not be contended that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was framed for the purpose of protecting trade and commerce against the kind of monopoly which this boycott aims to secure for union workmen; but

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it is quite possible that the terms of the act are broad enough to cover monopoly in labor as well as monopoly in trade and commerce, strictly so called.

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**Not to be Taken Seriously**

Whoever drew up the resolutions adopted by the Central Labor Union of Washington regarding the reinstatement of Mr. Miller in the Government Printing-Office and the duty of the President to order his removal has missed his vocation. He should devote himself to writing libretti for comic opera. We do not recall anything more grotesque since Gilbert and Sullivan's travesty of the British Naval Department in "Pinafore." The thirteen original States formed themselves into a union "notwithstanding the scorn and scoffs of those who would not join it;" the trades-union movement is of the same great and noble character because it is also subjected to the scorn and scoffs of those who do not join it. The trades-union has convicted Mr. Miller of moral turpitude, of two criminal acts, and—this is the climax of his iniquity—has found him "guilty of flagrant non-unionism;" and still the President has not ordered his dismissal, notwithstanding the fact that the union "has conservatively recognized the authority of the President in acceding to W. A. Miller's reinstatement and working with him pending final settlement of the case." This refusal of the President to accept the decision of the union respecting the character of a Government employee and his fitness to remain in the service "cannot be regarded in any but an unfriendly light." Happily for the peace of the land, the resolutions reach no more threatening conclusion than a request to organized labor throughout the country to petition the President of the United States to modify his order of no discrimination—that is, against non-union men—and to order W. A. Miller's dismissal from the Government service, to promote the efficiency of that service. Yet these resolutions take themselves so seriously that they cannot be simply dismissed as a jest. The issue which they raise, if treated seriously, is perfectly simple, and we trust that the country will, without regard to party, sustain the President in his determination to dismiss no man from the Government service because he chooses not to belong to a union, and no man because he has been tried and found guilty of immoral or criminal acts, or even of "flagrant non-unionism," by any association—commercial, industrial, or ecclesiastical. Government employees are answerable only to the Government, and can neither be acquitted and retained in the service nor condemned and removed from the service by any other organization than the Government. This ought to be regarded by all loyal citizens as axiomatic. What would the Central Labor Union of Washington think if Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller were to demand the discharge of a Government employee because they had decided that he was not loyal to their capitalistic interests?

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**The National Irrigation Congress**

The National Irrigation Congress in Ogden, Utah, last week, was attended by nearly a thousand delegates, representing every part of the arid West. It wisely decided not to fuse with the Trans-Mississippi Congress, but to make itself a permanent association with annual meetings devoted to the one subject of irrigation. The need of such sessions of such a body is not lessened by the passage of the Irrigation Law, which the Congress was first organized to promote. As the "Irrigation Age" pointed out in its last issue, tens of millions of dollars are to be expended by the National Government under the new law, and there is danger that these expenditures may be directed so as to enrich private interests at the expense of public interests, unless subject to the oversight of a Congress representing the whole body of irrigators, and incapable of being packed by any sordid group of manipulators which furnishes passes to its own supporters. Last week's Congress was of a character that will help in awakening the public to the importance of the questions involved in our new irrigation policy. From a National standpoint the most important paper read was President Roosevelt's letter, containing a warning and a sug-

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gestion as to how the National irrigation projects should be carried forward. The warning related to the danger of any attempt to hurry forward costly public works until the whole field had been canvassed and every detail of any contemplated work carefully examined. The most feasible irrigation projects, he pointed out, have already been taken up by private individuals and corporations; only the more expensive and doubtful are left for Government enterprise; and those who hope most from this Government enterprise have most to gain from caution in locating the Government canals and reservoirs. The suggestion in Mr. Roosevelt's letter was as to the wisdom of combining forestry cultivation with irrigation in the reclamation of the arid West. "Forestry," he said, "is the companion and support of irrigation. Without for- estry irrigation must fail." The President's suggestion upon this point was cordially indorsed in the resolutions adopted by the convention as one of the most important and practical methods of reaching the end in view.

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**Mr. Balfour's Fiscal Policy**

Last week Mr. Balfour, British Prime Minister, issued a pamphlet entitled "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade." Coincidently the Board of Trade issued a Blue Book containing statistics bearing on the Government's pending inquiry into its fiscal policy. Perhaps the most important statement in the five hundred pages of the latter is that in 1850 fifty-six per cent. of the exports of the United Kingdom went to countries which maintain a protective system and forty-four per cent. to countries not maintaining such a system. In 1902 the proportions were reversed; forty-two per cent. went to countries maintaining a protective system and fifty-eight per cent. to other countries. From these figures Mr. Chamberlain deduces the conclusion that the tariffs of other countries have succeeded in checking English exports, and on them he bases his plan for promoting Imperial unity by a tariff system which would give preference to colonial products, by admitting to Great Britain certain colonial products free and levying duties on like products from other countries. He designated food as the subject of taxation to give greatest advantage to the colonies, but denied that the cost of living in England would thus be ultimately increased. At first he proposed to compensate any seeming increase by other protective duties to stimulate employment in home industries and to produce revenue for old-age pensions, so that the workingman would in the end not lose by the preferential tariff policy. When this scheme aroused no enthusiasm, Mr. Chamberlain proposed compensation by removing the sugar, tea, and tobacco taxes. As the nutritive value of these articles is not as great as that of bread, the second plan did not prove acceptable. Mr. Balfour's pamphlet is a different commentary on the Government's figures from that contained in Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. The Premier says:

> I am a free-trader, but not of the party which holds that the doctrine of free trade is so universal in its application and so capable of an exact expression that every conclusion to which it logically leads must be accepted without hesitation and without reserve. . . . England's present fiscal policy . . . was made for a free-trade country in a world of free-traders, but not for a free-trade country in a world of protectionists.

It is true that, though hampered by foreign tariffs, Great Britain has been able to carry on an increasing, not a diminishing, export trade, and one of unexampled magnitude; but though it may have increased absolutely, its rate of increase has diminished. What can be done to change this rate? "Negotiation," says Mr. Balfour. And in order to form a basis for negotiation with countries which protect their own industries against Great Britain's competition, Great Britain must protect her industries against their competition. Only thus, he thinks, can England appeal "to the self-interest in the foreign protected countries, and in the colonies to self-interest coupled with sentiment." Thus, though he inferentially approves of enough protection to form a basis for reciprocal treaties, his policy is generally accepted as meaning no taxes on food or raw material.

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**Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy**

It is clear that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain do not mean the same thing by protection. Indeed, the most striking feature of Mr. Balfour's pamphlet is that it does not refer to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. We find in his pamphlet nothing about the threatened break-up of the British Empire; no specific indorsement of preferential tariffs; the colonies are scarcely mentioned. If Mr. Chamberlain as a protectionist lays stress upon the Imperial Zollverein or a system of preferential tariffs against commercial rivals, Mr. Balfour as a free-trader lays stress upon free trade within the Empire. He says: "The most momentous, perhaps the most permanent, victory for free trade was won when, rather on national than on economic grounds, inter-State tariffs were forbidden in the United States." This would indicate Mr. Balfour's outlook toward a scheme of entire free trade among all parts of the Empire. If Mr. Chamberlain's plan is Protection, Mr. Balfour's might be called Fair Trade. This difference of view is now emphasized by the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain from the Cabinet on the avowed ground that the party cannot, with wisdom, take the advanced position which he occupies, and that he can do more to bring the country to his opinion if he acts outside of the Cabinet than if he remains in it. "I can," he says, "best promote the cause I have at heart from the outside, and I cannot but hope that, in a perfectly independent position, my arguments may be received with less prejudice than would attach to those of the party leader." Simultaneously with Mr. Chamberlain's resignation come the resignations of Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord George Hamilton, Secretary for India; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Mr. Elliot, Financial Secretary of the Treasury, who are all outspoken free-traders. These resignations make a total of four Cabinet posts and one Secretaryship at Mr. Balfour's disposal, and they emphasize the fact that there are now sharply defined three parties in England on the tariff question: one, represented by such men as Mr. Ritchie, who are old-fashioned free-traders; one, represented by Mr. Balfour, who want to use a tariff to retaliate on other countries or to furnish a basis for negotiation with them; and, third, a party under Mr. Chamberlain, who want to give a distinct and emphatic preference to colonial products, in order to bind the colonies more closely to the Empire.

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**The Possible Outcome**

The Outlook has not been an admirer of Mr. Chamberlain. We have thought him rather a skillful politician than a large-minded statesman. We still think his unwisdom led the British nation into a war in South Africa which greater patience might have avoided. We distrust his wisdom as a leader. His attempt in the present instance to win labor votes for his scheme, first by proposing to give to laborers in old-age pensions what is taken from them in tariff taxation, and then to minimize opposition to the taxation by minimizing the tax on food products, looks more like a politician's bid for support than a statesman's interpretation of a principle. But, in our judgment, his resignation indicates, if not unselfish devotion to a great principle, far-sightedness in considering political effects; perhaps it indicates both. His devotion to Imperial unity has characterized him ever since he separated himself from Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule, and we must believe that primarily it is this devotion which has led him to devise a scheme of preferential tariffs for the purpose of solidifying the Empire by uniting special commercial interests. Certainly in this country it would be remarkable if a prominent politician, occupying high office in his party, with a reasonable promise of promotion to the Presidency, should resign his office to take up a cause which he confesses to be "unacceptable to the majority of the constituencies," in order that he might devote himself to the propagation of that cause. But it is not improbable that Mr. Chamberlain's retirement may precipitate the most important crisis and the bitterest party struggle which has occurred since his own secession from the Gladstone

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Home Rule Cabinet in 1886, and may compel a new alignment of parties, with himself at the head of the party in favor of an Imperial unity to be secured by the adoption of a modified protectionist policy.

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**The Hungarian Crisis**

For a long time the Hungarians have besought the Austro-Hungarian War Office to introduce the Magyar language into the orders of command given to Hungarian regiments. This seemed to be reasonable until the War Office in its turn pointed out that Hungarian troops accustomed only to Magyar words of command would be infinitely less valuable in a common campaign than if they understood commands given in a common language. Moreover, the Hungarian army is several thousand short of its full complement of officers. In addition, only four of the forty-seven Hungarian regiments are composed of Magyars alone; only three contain ninety per cent. of Magyars, and only six eighty per cent. Even leaving out the Croatian regiments, six of the remaining Hungarian regiments contain no Magyars at all, while in the others Slovaks, Ruthenians, Rumanians, and Saxons either predominate or constitute strong minorities. These anti-Hungarian elements have now joined with the German in an agitation against imposing the Magyar language on the Hungarian army. On Thursday of last week the Emperor himself sharpened the crisis by the issuance of an army order. After praising the harmonious co-operation of all the troops which had taken part in the recent maneuvers, he says:

> I am bound and determined to uphold the army's present well-tried regulations. Certain one-sided efforts, calculated to undermine the sterling structure of the army, must have it borne home that I will never give up the rights and prerogatives which are guaranteed to me as the Supreme Commander. United and undivided as it is, so shall my army remain.

This order has caused an immense sensation in Hungary; for, justly beloved as the venerable Emperor is in every section of his vast dominions, his words certainly sound like a proclamation against the Hungarian national demands. The order marks the beginning of a conflict between the throne and the Hungarian Parliament, the result of which may far outrun the particular point at issue.

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**The Macedonian Insurrection**

Last week additional emphasis was given to the discrepancy between the press despatches from Sofia and from Constantinople reporting events in the Macedonian insurrection. The information from the special correspondents of London papers, however, confirmed the report of destruction in the town of Kastoria (between Salonika and Monastir); it is even rumored that the entire population of ten thousand persons has been massacred. It is also known that Turkish troops have been concentrated in the vilayet (district) of Adrianople. This may indicate a change in the stage of action to the eastward. The correspondent of the London "Times," telegraphing from Samakov, says that the number of Macedonian emigrants and refugees along the frontier increases daily, and that Bulgarian reservists respond with alacrity to the summons for mobilization. The "Daily Mail's" correspondent at Monastir even vouches for the authenticity of the questionable rumors that near Krushevo, in the presence of the Kaimakan (administrator) of Krushevo himself, the Turks massacred and mutilated the inhabitants of four villages, which they then destroyed; that they violated or killed several hundred women and children in revenge for a defeat by the insurgents, and even burned some of the children to death in baking-ovens. The Sultan's appointment last week of Reshid Pasha, the late famous or rather infamous Vali of Beirut, as Vali of the important home district of Brusa, is regarded as a thrust at the American Government, which demanded and obtained Reshid's removal from Beirut. The week has brought increasing evidence of Greek jealousy of Bulgarian ascendency. We believe that the Bulgarian Government has always been behind the Macedonian brigand bands, silently using them for the extension of Bulgarian territorial ambition. We also suspect that in many instances

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there is little to choose between the atrocities perpetrated by these Bulgaro-Macedonian brigand bands and by the Turks. Yet Bulgaria has ethnologically a greater interest in Macedonia than has Greece. Of the entire population of Macedonia the Greeks constitute about one-tenth, the Turks one-third, and the Bulgarians one-half, while the small remainder is composed mostly of Servians and Albanians. The Greeks seem needlessly jealous. Macedonia as a whole is hardly likely to become a Greater Bulgaria, even if that might best suit the interests of Russia. Austria, Russia's partner in pressure on the Turk, has long expected, and with much justification, eventually to extend her sphere of influence to Salonika, thus gaining an Ægean port. If, out of present anarchy, a self-governing federated Balkan State cannot arise, Austria stands ready to transform western Macedonia from anarchy to civilization, as she has already transformed those other former Turkish provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

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**The Missionary Spirit**

As throughout the Boxer rebellion the steadfastness displayed by missionaries in China was heroic, so to-day in Macedonia there is a display equally heroic. It has as yet attracted little attention because of spectacular events in the militant world. The missionaries are actually going about their work as if nothing unusual were taking place. Last week a letter came to hand from one of the American missionaries at Monastir, a woman working in the very heart of the Macedonian disturbances. She speaks calmly of the endeavors now being prosecuted there, especially of the plans for reopening this autumn the schools of which she is one of the joint principals. She then says: "We are more quiet than some of our friends are, probably. Whatever comes to us, it is right that we should be here. We can leave the future with God." The Monastir missionaries have expressed no thought whatever of withdrawing from the disturbed country, although several months ago the American Board (Congregational) gave authority to them to withdraw if it seemed wise for them to do so—an authority given in all cases of political or special disturbance in any country. The Board puts the responsibility upon the missionaries on the ground, while it keeps them informed so far as it is able to give information which they may not possess. The Monastir missionaries write that their withdrawal would probably produce a panic among the native Christians. The missionaries say that their presence is essential, first, to prevent such a panic, and also to help the suffering and discouraged. Many of the terror-stricken natives sleep on the missionary premises at night, not only at Monastir, but even at Salonika to the south, where there is a much larger foreign population, and where, if necessary, missionaries can have the protection of foreign vessels. To the north of Monastir there is an American missionary station at Samakov, just over the Bulgarian border. On Monday of this week it was reported from Samakov that the missionaries there are continuing their work as usual, although under abnormal conditions. Taking the situation as a whole, therefore, in the disturbed districts, an impressive calmness has characterized the missionary labors. Nor has this position been assumed with any distorted view of the value of martyrdom. It has been taken from a pure sense of duty and privilege.

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**"Administrative Process" in Finland**

Exile by administrative process has long been regarded by Russian Ministers of the Interior as the quickest and most convenient method of dealing with troublesome opponents who make themselves obnoxious without violating law. In western Europe and the United States a law-abiding citizen, however obnoxious he may be to the civil power, is safe from official molestation; but in Russia a man who happens to incur the displeasure of the Minister of the Interior—or even of a Governor-General—may be arrested without a warrant, condemned without a hearing, and banished without the observance of any legal form. In all parts of the Empire, except Finland, this power to banish by a mere stroke of the pen has been exercised so freely

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and constantly that, like bad weather or an epidemic disease, it has come to be regarded as one of the conditions of normal existence. It is a bad thing, but Russian citizens have to submit to it, just as they have to submit to a winter temperature of twenty degrees below zero, and must adapt themselves to it as best they can. In Finland, however, exile by administrative process is an innovation. It has never before been practiced there, and the Finns are aroused by it very much as the people of Delaware would be aroused if the Secretary of the Interior, by order or permission of the President, should banish from the United States all Delawareans who criticised the appointment of Mr. Byrne, or ventured to protest against the removal of Federal office-holders merely because they were personally obnoxious to Senator Allee. Section 4, paragraph 2, of the Finnish penal code which was approved by the Czar in 1889, and which cannot legally be annulled or amended without the consent of the Finnish Diet, expressly declares that "exile shall not be pronounced as a sentence, nor shall such sentence be executed." This prohibition, however, was not allowed to stand in the way of the Russification of the Grand Duchy. When Governor-General Bobrikoff discovered, two years ago, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to break down the passive resistance of the Finnish people without silencing or removing their leaders, he began to importune the Czar for permission to banish obnoxious citizens by administrative process. This power, he argued, was exercised by Governors-General in Russia proper—why should it not be exercised by the Governor-General of Finland? The Grand Duchy, he contended, could not be reduced to the level of a Russian province unless it were subjected to all the administrative conditions of a Russian province. The Czar finally yielded to the solicitation of General Bobrikoff, and on the 9th of last April issued a rescript granting to the latter full power to banish obnoxious or obstructive Finns without a hearing, without a trial, and without process of law.

**Banishment of Finnish Leaders**

The Governor-General thereupon proceeded to send out of the country the men whose actions he disapproved, or whose opinions he regarded as "pernicious." Among the first to suffer were Count Mannerheim, a wealthy nobleman of Helsingfors; ex-Senator Mechelin; Baron von Born; Mr. Wolff, a brother of the British Vice-Consul at Viborg; and a well-known barrister and publicist named Hamelstan. Before the end of May twelve leaders of public opinion, in various parts of the country, had been exiled for life, and in the course of the summer the number was increased to twenty-seven. Among the more distinguished of those recently banished are ex-Senator Lennart Gripenberg, formerly Chief of the Department of Commerce and Industry; Baron Erik von Troil, Secretary of the Court of Appeal at Vasa; ex-Senator Nyberg; the Rev. A. W. Wallin, Dean of Uleaborg; Michael Linden, a teacher in the Ekenäs Training College and Chairman of the School Board and Municipal Council; the Rev. Magnus Rosendal, Professor of Religion and Ecclesiastical History in the Lyceum of Uleaborg; F. Stenström, Burgomaster of Hangö; A. Fabritius and P. J. Aschan, Chairmen, respectively, of the Communal Councils of Lovisa and Ekenäs; Gustav Aminoff, Deputy Burgomaster of the town of Kaskö; C. G. Christierson, a wealthy landed proprietor in the province of Nyland; P. Aulin, a member of the Diet; and Dr. Lyly, teacher of classical languages in the Lyceum of Viborg and editor of the newspaper "Viipurin Sanomat," in the same city. Dr. Lyly happened to be in Berlin when the decree of banishment was pronounced against him, and as soon as he learned that he would not be permitted to return to the country he so ardently loved, he committed suicide. Count von Born appealed to the Russian Government for justice, and demanded a trial; but the only satisfaction he obtained was a notification, sent to him through the Russian Minister at Stockholm, that his appeal could not even be taken into consideration. Count Mannerheim and Mr. Castren made their appeal to the Procurator-

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General of Finland—an officer who is bound by oath to see that the laws of the country are strictly enforced—but up to the present time they have received no reply of any kind. The Finnish policy of Minister von Plehve and General Bobrikoff will ultimately result, of course, in the complete alienation and embitterment of the Finnish people, and will probably force its exiled leaders into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Russian revolutionists. There is good reason, indeed, to believe that such an alliance has already been made. When, therefore, at a time more or less remote, the Russian Government shall be compelled to fight for its life against enemies of its own household, it may find that in exiling such men as Count Mannerheim, Baron von Born, Senators Mechelin, Gripenberg, and Nyberg, and Baron von Troil, it has sown dragon's teeth. The coast of Finland is admirably adapted to the secret importation of literature and weapons; and a hostile and embittered Finland might become a very dangerous neighbor, even in such a revolutionary outbreak as that of 1878–1881.

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**Mrs. Gulick and Her Work**

The death of Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, in London, September 15, brought sorrow to many on each side of the ocean. But she will be especially mourned in Spain, where she and her husband, William H. Gulick, were missionaries of the American Board. During thirty years she has seen the work she planted come into fruition. Mr. Gulick was stationed at San Sebastian, and there Mrs. Gulick opened a school for girls, the outgrowth of a home class in her previous field. Herself a graduate of Mount Holyoke, she hoped that her scholars would carry its spirit to schools and homes throughout the country. That hope has been fulfilled. Mrs. Gulick had the gift of attracting enthusiastic workers, and chose her assistants from the best colleges of America. The school grew until the large home of the mission was wretchedly inadequate. Hampered by insufficient equipment, the teachers had a twofold task. The girls must lack none of the domestic accomplishments taught in the convents, yet, if they were to teach, must stand jealous comparison with boys trained in the fine Government institutes. San Sebastian was a good place for the experiment. It is the Court summer resort, where the Pyrenees near the Biscay shore. The school would receive notice, and the teachers find opportunity to make friends influential for their work. One of the latter caused the removal of the religious disability which had barred these students from the Government examinations and degrees. With great anxiety, Mrs. Gulick sent a few scholars to Madrid for the ordeal. Those who pass examinations are graded in four classes, "sobresaliente" (literally, leaping over everything), notable, good, and approved. The pupils of that obscure little school were without exception in the highest two grades, while of the picked scholars from the entire country but few reached the third. Spain was amazed at the results of teaching by women, Protestants, Americans! A new respect was shown them, and the overcrowded house received more pupils. Succeeding years have sustained that record. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War the school was moved to Biarritz. The commandant of the fort had guarded the house with soldiers, but the teachers felt that they added unfairly to his responsibilities at a time when defeats might madden the excitable populace. For five years the work has been carried on in France. Mrs. Gulick meantime has spent much time in America, raising money for the permanent establishment which was her life's dream. A house has been purchased in Madrid, and another is rising on its grounds. Others will follow when money is forthcoming. Mrs. Gulick's monument is a living one in Spain, in Cuba, and the Philippines.

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**"Ulysses" on the Stage**

Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses," upon which The Outlook commented at length last year, is neither a great poem nor a great drama, but it is a very charming piece of work, full of poetic feeling, not lacking in points of dramatic interest, and, above all, a charming piece of good English writing. There are lines

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in it which, while they do not rise to the level of the majesty of Milton, or the sonorous melody of Tennyson, or the classical distinction and purity of Matthew Arnold, make it a very effective and beautiful example of blank verse. The production of this play at the Garden Theater in New York City is therefore an event of some significance. The appearance of any piece of literature on the stage of a theater in this country ought to be heartily welcomed; for the drama, which is treated as an art, with deep seriousness of spirit, in Germany, and with less seriousness but with a critical appreciation of dramatic and literary elements in Italy and France, has become here chiefly an amusement. Every art ought to be a pleasure, but no art can long survive which is treated merely as an amusement. When the American stage has not been given over to plays which were essentially immoral or vulgar, it has too often been given over to plays which were only amusing. "Ulysses" is a play that gives pleasure in the true sense of the word. To begin with, it is very beautifully staged; it has received the framing which so delicate and charming a picture ought to receive. The scenes are artistically conceived, and one of them especially, the descent of Ulysses into Hades, is managed with great skill, and stirs the imagination more than it awakens the curiosity. The play is interpreted very unevenly. The prelude which takes place on Olympus is not impressive chiefly because Mr. Phillips has not made it so; it is the one false note in the play. The first scene depends largely upon Calypso; and while Calypso looks somewhat like a nymph, there is no enchantment in her voice; when she becomes passionate she becomes shrill. Mr. Powers's impersonation of "Ulysses" is very dignified and impressive, his voice is sonorous, and, although he yields at times to the temptation to be declamatory, the impersonation on the whole is vigorous and effective. Miss Coghlan brings to her reading of Penelope the training of a long experience upon the stage, and there are moments in the play in which her acting strikes home to the imagination. One must dismiss the Odyssey in reading the play, and one must leave Homer and Greeks out of mind in seeing it. There is very little that is classical about the play as Mr. Phillips wrote it or as it is presented at the Garden Theater. It is a classical theme translated into modern terms. It is intense, at times passionate and at other times touched with the melodramatic; but it is so much better than most plays, it offers such a pleasure to the ear as well as to the eye, it is so educational in its use of English, that it is a duty and a satisfaction to commend it.

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**Missionaries in Turkey** Not the least of the services of the American missionaries in Turkey to civilization is their service to the Turkish Government itself in never countenancing any seditious movement against that Government. Yet the Turkish Minister at Washington is credited with having made the statement that, but for the missionaries, the present insurrection would not be what it is. Of course the missionaries have done much to raise the general level of intelligence. It is, however, unjust to accuse them of having allowed disloyalty to the Sultan to be expressed wherever they have had influence. The Rev. Dr. Barton, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, writing to The Outlook, declares that no more short-sighted or suicidal policy could possibly be conceived than that institutions established by Americans in Turkey should teach or permit disloyalty among their pupils or teachers. "A college in which from two to a dozen Americans are engaged as administrators and professors could hope to accomplish nothing by teaching sedition or disloyalty, even should it be unmolested in that work. It would cause endless trouble with no return and with the certainty of losing in the end the privileges obtained and even the plant itself. American institutions in Turkey are loyal in their teaching and are not abusive of the privileges granted to them by the Turkish Government. They are the best possible safeguards to the very political existence of Turkey in that they teach Turkish sub-

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jects to be upright, self-respecting, law-abiding citizens, able to respond to the needs of the Government for responsible service both at home and abroad." These words have special point since the attempt continues at Harput, in Asia Minor, to substantiate a charge of sedition against the American Euphrates College there. On a verbal charge, Professor Tenekejian, of that College, is now on trial. Witnesses have already testified that he was severely beaten under orders of the police commissioner. That official had demanded that the professor should testify to the distribution of arms by Dr. Barnum, the head of the College, for the use of the Armenian revolutionists!

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**A General Council of the Eastern Church**

Russian newspapers report that the authorities of the Holy Synod contemplate calling a General Council of the orthodox Eastern churches for the discussion of a change from the Julian to the Gregorian Calendar, the relations of the Greek Church to the Old Catholics, and the conflict between the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the Bulgarian Church. The last meeting of this kind was held in Moscow in 1666, at which time the Eastern Church was divided into five patriarchates, with the Patriarch of Constantinople as the head, though as *primus inter pares* the present Holy Synod, which is national as well as religious, has taken the place of the patriarchate of Moscow, one of the original five, and its power entirely overshadows that of the former superior patriarchate. The development of the national spirit in the Balkans and the hostility of both the Slavs and the Rumanians toward the Greeks may interfere with the success of the plan. In Germany it is believed that the desire of the Russians for anything like a renewal of the old church relations is not more than lukewarm, and that the final result of the agitation will be at the most an interchange of friendly notes between the different church bodies. This surmise is strengthened by the fact that when the same question was raised in 1870 the refusal of the Russian body was given so promptly as to anticipate any expression from the other countries involved.

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# The New York Campaign

## What Reform Has Done for the Children

The article which we publish on another page entitled "The Children Out of School Hours" brings strikingly in view the new conception of the function of the school and of the city which has taken hold of progressive city officials during the past few years. It is only a little while since the protests against the closing of school-houses and school yards as soon as classes were over were confined to a few disturbers of official slumber like Jacob Riis and Mrs. Lowell. Now, as Mrs. Betts points out in her article, the administration of the city recognizes that the millions invested in the city's school plant must be made to serve the public at all hours when the public has use for it. Education, it is realized, should no more be confined to school hours than religion to church hours. It should enter into the child's play as well as into its study, for a child can be awakened and trained in its natural activity of play as much as its more artificial activity in the classroom. The training of the child at play, furthermore, should not stop when vacation comes. During the summer which has just ended, the reform administration in New York has conducted over a hundred vacation playgrounds—about ten times as many as its predecessor.

But the work of the city in furnishing playgrounds for children in the congested districts has not been confined to the limited accommodations of New York school yards—for many of the school-houses are wholly without yards. The Department of Parks has taken up the work of the Department of Education, and provided ten good-sized playgrounds in the small parks in the tenement-house districts—six of them well equipped with out-of-door gymnasiums. Prior to Mayor Low's administration two such playgrounds were conducted

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in small parks by "The Outdoor Recreation League"—a private organization supported by voluntary contributions. The present administration recognized the value of the work to the public, its right to be supported by the public, and its right to become a general and permanent part of the park system. The President of the Outdoor Recreation League, Mr. Charles B. Stover, was put in charge of its development, and devoted himself to it heart and soul. The success has been such that no future administration is likely to incur the odium of a backward step. In one or two districts the work of maintaining order and seeing that the children played fair has been serious, but this work of securing moral discipline has been as valuable as any that the gymnasium teachers and attendants have performed.

In one respect the playgrounds have proven a distinct surprise to nearly all friends of the park system. They have not marred the beauty of the smaller parks. In Tompkins Square, for example, a park a hundred and fifty yards by three hundred in size, it was feared that the playground would take away the charm of the wide sweep of green which made it an oasis in the surrounding desert of brick and mortar. But the playground oval, fifty yards in length, is so placed that it is bordered all about with green, and none of the old refreshment of the view to passers-by is lost; while the presence of six or seven hundred children at play lends a beauty to the scene never known before. It is astonishing how many children in this German quarter are able to play together without friction in a small area. It lends the air of practicability to the old dream of small parks and playgrounds every few blocks in the congested districts. It is impossible that the poor—or the well-to-do either, for that matter—should provide their children with playgrounds if each family attempts to act alone. Ten yards square of free space on each lot does not furnish an adequate playground for the children of one family—to say nothing of one tenement-house—and the tenants could not afford to pay rental upon double this amount. But when a space fifty yards square does furnish an adequate playground for the children of a hundred tenement-houses, it is clear that through co-operation the children of the city can be restored to the natural right of childhood—a place to play. The city is the organization of the unorganized, and through city activity, under a progressive administration, co-operative action can be secured.

No work of the Low administration appeals more vividly to the people of the East Side, as evidence that honesty and humanity have been working hand in hand for city betterment. President Roosevelt expressed what is fast coming to be a National sense of civic duty when in July he wrote as follows to the committee which had just established three temporary playgrounds in Washington: "I am delighted that you have succeeded in establishing certain playgrounds in Washington. It would be a National misfortune if the capital city were developed without proper attention being given to the well-being of its citizens least able to protect themselves." In future years it will certainly be one of the glories of the Low administration in New York City that it was the first to recognize the necessity of public playgrounds to carry out the educational ideal of "a sound mind in a sound body" for all the children of the community.

## The Use of Alcohol

In order to determine what is the abuse of any article we must first know what is its legitimate use. If we are to contend successfully against the abuse of alcohol, we must know what is its use. This fact gives to the recently published report of the Committee of Fifty on the Physiological Effects of Alcohol a far more than merely scientific value. For the scientific scholarship and no less the judicial spirit of the eminent gentlemen who compose this Committee give to this report an authority which is not possessed by the dicta of special apostles, however admirable their zeal, or by quotations of such apostles from scientific writers, however pertinent the quotations may appear. This report makes it quite clear that no temperance move-

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ment founded on the assumption that alcohol has no physiological uses, that it is evil, and only evil, and that continually, can possibly be permanent. It cannot be so because it is founded on an unscientific assumption—that is, upon a falsehood; and no reform founded on a falsehood can be other than fatally defective. Truth, absolute truth—this is what, first of all, and above all, and fundamental to all, the reformer must seek both to know and to teach, otherwise he is no real reformer. All falsehood is dangerous, and, if not combated and corrected, is deadly; all truth is safe, and, if taught in just proportion and in sincerity, is life-giving. No teacher can either point the way or give the life unless he teaches the truth. All truth is safe, all error is dangerous; and the cause of temperance in this country to-day needs nothing so much as a single-hearted dedication to the truth, whatever it is and whatever its immediate influence may be thought to be.

For these reasons The Outlook has in the past taken considerable pains in the attempt to elucidate the truth concerning two problems: one, the extent to which a majority may rightfully control by law, either directly or indirectly, the personal habits of the individual; second, the extent to which and the limits within which alcohol may serve a useful purpose in the human body. For the same reason we give in this issue large space to a review, which is in the main a condensed account, of the report of the Committee of Fifty on the Physiological Effects of Alcohol. This is the fourth in the series of reports issued by this Committee. Combined they comprise five volumes. They go into detail not too much for scientific value, but too much for popular reading, and the Committee would render a still further service to the American people if they would employ some rational writer, possessing a talent for clear statement, to embody in one volume of four or five hundred pages the information contained in these reports and the conclusions to which they point. The Committee have already laid a substantial foundation for a lasting temperance reform; if they or their publishers would supplement the work already so well done by a popular interpretation of these reports for the general reader, they would give to rational temperance reform a great and much-needed impetus.

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# Am I My Brother's Keeper?

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. JESUS CHRIST.

Why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience? PAUL.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evildoer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. PETER.

These three texts constitute our reply to the three letters which we publish on another page under the general title "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

It is true, as one of our correspondents suggests, that Jesus said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." But this he said to four men whom he had selected for a special mission to which he very soon thereafter set them apart by a public dedication. To the multitude gathered to hear from him an exposition of the principles of the kingdom of God he said, "Let your light shine before men"—not flash it, nor exhibit it, but simply possess it and let it shine: "that they may see your good works"—not that they may hear your good words. It would be difficult to find in Christ's instructions any utterance from which the doctrine can be legitimately deduced that one man is responsible for another man's life, and is, directly or indirectly, to force his conscience upon another. That principle is directly and explicitly repudiated by Paul in the second text. He denies, not in this sentence alone, but again and again, that one man's liberty of life is to be brought under the law of another man's conscience. Each man's conscience is an authoritative guide for himself; it is not an authoritative guide for his fellow. It is true, as one of our correspondents says, that there is a solidarity of the race. But that solidarity is to be preserved, not by making or trying to make the whole community obey the conscience of a part of the community, but

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by mutual respect of all the various members of the community each for the other's conscience. Peter is, if possible, more explicit than Paul, and he is more explicit in the original than in the English translation. The word rendered "busybody" is, literally, an overseer in other men's affairs. It is a composite word, and the word elsewhere rendered bishop is a part of it. What Peter says is that we are not to undertake to play the part of bishop or spiritual overseer in the life of other men. Putting these three texts together, they constitute the counsel which The Outlook gave, and to which our correspondents take exception. That counsel may be phrased thus: Do not undertake to exercise oversight or supervision in the lives of other men; use your conscience for yourself, not for others; have in yourselves the light of the divine life, let it shine, and trust to your luminous life to guide your fellows in the path you would have them take.

Why, then, asks one of our correspondents, do ministers preach sermons and editors write articles? The question is one not difficult to answer. We write here our opinion on this question of one man's responsibility for another man's life, and we at the same time publish the opinions of our correspondents on the same subject. The reader may read this article and omit their letters, or read their letters and omit this article, or read both, or read neither. Whatever he does, he has finally to decide for himself what is the truth by which he will be guided. To preach to those who wish to listen, to write for those who wish to read, is not at all the same as to assume responsibility for another man's life, and to undertake to exercise, whether directly or indirectly, tactfully or tactlessly, a control over another man's conscience. I may give lessons in navigation to one who has faith in me and wishes to learn; but I may not go on board his boat and insist that he ought to steer according to my directions. The preacher at the modern college has certain times appointed when students may come to him for counsel. That is both wise and right. But it would neither be wise nor right for him to go about to the students' rooms to give to them counsel which they have not asked for and do not desire.

This general principle is strikingly illustrated by the example of Jesus Christ. It is said that his brethren did not believe in him. But we have no account of any attempt on his part to coerce their loyalty or even to win their adherence. He foresaw that Peter would deny him. He did not expostulate; he simply warned him of the temptation which he was to meet. He saw the battle going on in the heart of Judas between ambition and loyalty; he foresaw how it must end if loyalty was not triumphant. But the Gospel narrative does not indicate that he even once undertook by special interview to interfere. He taught Judas as he taught the others; reposed special confidence in him by making him the bearer of their common purse; warned him that his design was known; by the words, "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me," reminded him that he was violating the most solemn traditions of Eastern hospitality; and, finally, in the moment of betrayal, sought to awaken his conscience by the mild reproach, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" But he apparently made no attempt to overmaster him by his own will-power, to take the tiller of his life from his hand, to act as his overseer or the dictator of his conscience. To the public Jesus Christ gave counsel, admonition, rebuke, in public address, to which they might listen or not as they pleased. When individuals came to him for counsel, he was always ready to give it, whether it was Nicodemus or Zaccheus, the rich young ruler or the beloved disciple. But he was not accustomed to pursue individuals with unasked counsel; we doubt whether a single instance can be mentioned in which he did so.

There are some persons who possess a genius for winning the confidence of others. To such persons men come instinctively for counsel, guidance, strength. This peculiar endowment involves a peculiar mission. There is a spiritual significance in the direction of Jesus

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Christ, "Give to him that asketh thee." Peter gives this spiritual significance in his counsel, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." One should always be ready to do this. It may often be wise to open the way so as to make it easy for others to ask counsel or help. But it is a universal principle that no man has any right to assume to be a bishop or overseer in another man's matters, or to judge of another man's liberty by his own conscience, or to go to him with the assumption, I am right and you are wrong, and it is your duty to let me set you right; and it is a general principle, to which there are occasional but not many exceptions, that it is inexpedient for one person to offer unasked advice to another person, unless he stands to him in the place of parent or guardian, or unless the advice concerns a matter in which both have a common interest and over which, therefore, they have to some extent a common right.

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# A Saint of To-Day

Every age has its saints, but it often happens that an age does not recognize its holy men and women until the light of immortality interprets them. This lack of discernment is due, not to any unwillingness to see, but to the tenacity of accepted forms and ways of expression. Sainthood is still identified in many minds with asceticism, and the saint who appears among us, living in all the great human relations, bearing the common lot, speaking the universal human speech, passes on her way unnoticed because those who surround and love her are looking for the mediæval dress, the withdrawal from the world, the crossed hands, the downcast eyes. Blessed are the saints who sought holiness, in other times, in escape from the world, and became types of the pure and good in ages of violence, passion, and corruption. In its calendar of saints, as in its tender and reverent regard for the mother of Christ, the Roman Catholic Church has recognized and responded to a deep and wholesome human instinct. Men need the vision of holy men and women walking stainless along the perilous ways of life, indifferent to petty ambitions, lifted above the pride of place and power, consecrated to purity, to righteousness, to sweetness, and to service; the beautiful company of those whose lives are revelations of the heart of the Infinite, and upon whom, amid the shadows of time, the light of immortality visibly rests.

But these stainless and radiant spirits have not ceased to walk among men because ideals of service have changed their forms and the active modern age has succeeded the meditative Middle Age. The saint of to-day is not less saintly because she wears no distinctive garb and seeks no refuge from the storms of life. In all the ways of life to-day, in every field of work, in a thousand obscure households, there are saints who are loved, but who are not recognized. To know the saint under all garbs is, perhaps, to have something in one's self which responds to holiness; to possess something akin in its possibilities, though not in its development, to saintliness. In any event, to know the saint when she comes among us is not only to render what is due of reverence, but to receive most fully and intelligently what she has to give us.

This saint of to-day was known, as saints are always known, by her beautiful humility. When her friends addressed her, as they sometimes did with perfect sincerity but under the masque of humor, as the saint, she always and with kindred touch of humor spoke of herself as the sinner. Of the rare loveliness of her nature, the beautiful and winning sweetness of her life, she was as unconscious as is the flower of its delicate coloring; and as the flower breathes its fragrance into the air without knowing that virtue has gone from it, so did she exhale a rare and uplifting influence of which she took no note. In all the long and shining calendar of saints none was more simple, unaffected, and child-like in spirit than she; holiness clothed her like a garment, but she was as free from conventional pietism as the child who knows his father intimately and loves him with a perfect love is free from

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conventional phrases of formal affection. Life was so deeply and wholly religious to her that she had long ceased to think of it as a form of faith, a kind of activity, a field of endeavor. This childlike unconsciousness made her the most delightful of companions, the gentlest of teachers, the most faithful of friends. She could speak of the highest things without affectation; she could touch the most sensitive places without giving pain; she could make the divinest credible without the aid of text or argument. She was, indeed, a beautiful version of the Gospel in the most human speech.

Like all true saints, she was intensely and unaffectedly human. For more than seventy years she had seen life in many remote places, had known many kinds of men, had done many kinds of work with unfailing freshness of feeling and with the strength and joy of perfect health. Then came sickness, and for seven years she lay helpless in her room, watched over with tireless vigilance and cared for with beautiful devotion; for such as she evoke from others that which they give freely from their own natures. In that change from free activity to helpless invalidism there must have been a terrible spiritual struggle; and in those long days and longer nights there must have been hours of inexpressible weariness; but no repining ever came from her lips; in the times of most acute suffering there was no touch of querulousness. She always spoke of her sufferings, if she spoke at all, in an impersonal way; *she* was always well, though her frail body was often sorely afflicted. Her spirit, securely housed in undisturbed and serene faith, was impregnable.

So deep was her faith that it gave her a beautiful freedom in the world; she lived joyously in her Father's house. And because she was free she had one great resource which some saints have denied themselves—a delightful and never-failing humor. This great gift, so often misunderstood, is itself an evidence of immortality. For the soul of humor is the consciousness of the contrast between the greatness of man's destiny and the absurdity of some of his interests and occupations. It is pre-eminently the resource of those who can play with the incongruities of life because they know its transcendent significance; of those who can give themselves the liberty of the house because they are at home in it. So there came to her a vivacity, an ease, a charm of disposition and of talk, which made her room a place of peace and joy and often of gayety. She was not afraid to be happy, and her happiness pervaded the place in which she suffered.

Among those who read these words few will recognize the portrait; if it were otherwise, even this slight sketch could not have been written. The record is made to remind the despondent, the skeptical, the scoffing, and all who bear heavy crosses, that in this age of immense practical activity, of vast enterprises, of absorbing pursuit of the things that perish in the using, of haste, tumult, and restlessness, holy men and women still walk the earth as of old, saintly lives still bear the fruit of peace and love in quiet places, and the highest virtues still have their eloquent witnesses. Eighty-four years this saint of to-day breathed the air of the modern world, shared in its work and spoke its language, and went out of life as stainless as she entered it; leaving behind her a memory which has become part of the imperishable wealth of all who passed her way and felt the spell of her radiant spirit.

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## The Spectator

The Spectator cannot help feeling sorry for those who neglect the enjoyments which seem to him obvious because they are at once easy and cheap. That they are easy and cheap probably makes them seem *bourgeois* and hence puts them under the ban. For twenty-five years the Spectator has been going to Washington. Until recently, however, his visits have always been on business, and what divertisement he has had has been confined to dinners, receptions, and balls, which in Washington are very like the same kind of functions in other parts of the world, except that there are more of them "to the square inch" than seem either wholesome or enjoyable. On a recent visit

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the Spectator was surprised to find what beautiful country there was about the capital city. Of course he had on previous visits been to dingy and run-down-at-the-heel Alexandria, he had made a piously patriotic pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, he had tasted of the cheer and hospitality of Chevy Chase, but his attention had not been further directed than to the official buildings and the private palaces of this beautiful city of contrasts where wretched hovels nestle in the shade of gorgeous mansions. On this visit, however, the Spectator was glad to find himself under the direction of one who loved out-of-doors with simple, unaffected sincerity. And so the Spectator has been made acquainted with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which in its surroundings either in the spring or autumn has beauties worth a long journey to enjoy.

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This canal, by the way, has a history that stretches far back into the eighteenth century, though it was not opened for traffic much more than half a century ago. The idea of uniting the tide-water of the Atlantic with the Ohio River, and so joining the communities of the eastern coast and the western frontier, was Washington's. It engaged his attention before the Revolutionary War, and in his capacity of surveyor he made many notes to prove the practicability of such a plan, while he wrote letters to men of enterprise and influence seeking to enlist their interest. But the war of the colonies against England put a temporary end to the scheme. When the war was over and Washington had returned to Mount Vernon, the project was soon revived. So as to renew his acquaintance with the subject and refresh his memory of the topography, he took a horseback journey in 1784 to the Ohio River. When he returned, he wrote various letters to men and officials in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, urging the making of waterways and other highways between the East and the West, so as to bind the sections together and facilitate traffic and travel. This would do more, he maintained, to effect a union than anything else he could think of. Virginia and Maryland both took official action, and the Potomac Company was formed, of which Washington was the first president. He was so soon called to the Presidency of the United States that he had to abandon this promising enterprise for one a great deal larger and more important in its scope. His successors may have had as much patience as was needed, but they appear to have lacked practicality and engineering skill. So nothing particularly effective was done until about 1820, when a scheme was crystallized to build a canal along the banks of the Potomac from Georgetown to Cumberland, there to meet the great National Road which was to go on to the Ohio. The building of this canal was a very live question in the politics of Maryland for the next thirty years. Finally, about 1850, it was completed as it is now. And now, though it may not be of very wonderful commercial importance, it goes through and opens to enterprising visitors a country of most wonderful picturesqueness, unfolding more than a hundred and fifty miles of a gorgeous panorama of scenery—hills and valleys, cliffs and gentle declivities, forests with countless varieties of trees and vines that grow with almost tropical luxuriance, while on every side the wild birds make melodies that no art can ever approach. The Spectator spoke to friends in Washington of what had been discovered to him. They knew that there was a canal which brought coal to town; some of the men had fished in it when they were boys; but no one took more than a superficially polite interest, and it was evident to the Spectator that he was throwing his enthusiasm away just as effectually as though he were telling an orthodox Jew of the deliciousness of a well-cured Virginia ham.

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The Spectator's first visit to the canal was after he had been to look at the Great Falls of the Potomac—another most gratifying surprise. He was taken to Cabin John Bridge by an electric road and then driven in a surrey to the falls, where are also the water-works and aqueduct for the city of Washington. He scrambled over a rocky path with scrub trees on either side until he reached an

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open space at the Maryland edge of the gorge, through which the muddy Potomac pitches and tumbles in a noisy torrent which is at once pretty, beautiful, and grand. These adjectives can very seldom be applied to the same thing, but here they all apply, for there is a variety—one that is pretty, one that is beautiful, one that is grand. Probably the majority of Washingtonians have been to the falls at one time or another, but I learned afterward that it is considered by those who classify amusements and put a rating on enjoyments rather a *bourgeois* thing to-day. "Oh, I used to go there often," said one fine lady to the Spectator. But that was evidently before she changed her condition and became a full-fledged butterfly. The people the Spectator saw at the falls were very frankly middle class and were not in the least ashamed of having a good time and showing their enjoyment in coatless freedom and voluble appreciation.

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But the canal was the thing, after all. A boat going towards Georgetown entered the lock at the falls. "May we ride, Captain?" one of the party asked of the man at the helm. "Jump aboard," he called out in hearty invitation. And the party jumped aboard as the boat sank in the lock to the level of the water below. When that was reached, the gates were opened, the whip of the driver cracked, and the trusty mules tugged at the rope and soon the boat was gliding along—movement without motion. There are seven locks very close together at the falls, and the start seemed rather tedious, for one lock is as much like the next as two peas are like each other. But when the seventh lock was passed the boat entered a long stretch of four miles as wide as many large rivers and with considerable depth. On one side were rocky cliffs covered with splendid forest trees—oaks, chestnuts, beeches, elms, cedars, pines, sycamores, tulips, and maybe forty other varieties. And the vines and wild flowers! Honeysuckle dropped to the water's edge, wild roses bloomed in brilliant abundance with rhododendron interspersed with a skill which is nature's own, a skill no landscape gardener can rival in his most inspired moment. On the other side the Potomac was one hundred yards away and sixty feet below, while beyond was the Virginia shore, forest-covered to the sky line. As the boat glided slowly along, the turtles sunning themselves on the rocks slid lazily into the water; the squirrels, almost as tame as those in Central Park, scampered up the tall trees, and the bird orchestra kept up the glad melody which completes the content of those who go to Nature with simple confidence and without desire to patronize her and quote poetry at her, as some confirmed *poseurs* are like to do.

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And the canal men! They are hard-working, hearty souls, very poor, the Spectator much fears, and much put to it to make the necessary two ends meet. They certainly are hospitable. When the Spectator offered to pay his Captain fare for the party, the Captain turned away and said, "Oh, we don't charge anything; glad to have your company." And the Captain meant it. But the Spectator had been talking with the Captain, and he knew that the worthy man made a scant wage only a part of the year, so he persisted in his desire to pay, until the Captain took a very small amount rather than be disagreeable. But in Washington the Spectator's fashionable friends did not in the least mind being disagreeable. They sneered at his enthusiasm and marveled at the taste which would permit him to take interest in such low people as canal boatmen and lock-keepers. They may be low—that is according to what standard we apply; but the Spectator found them quite as interesting as the teaing, bridge-playing, and gossiping "smart set" whose interest seemed to be confined to the bridge of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, and their talk to wondering whether Russianousky's attentions to Maibelle So-and-So were really serious, and, if so, whether the So-and-So's could put up sufficient dot to make Russianousky, of the Czar's embassy, lead the young girl to the altar of the Greek Church. And on and on *ad infinitum*.

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# The Children Out of School Hours

By Lillian W. Betts

IT probably never will be known who coined the word play-center. One thing is certain—it never could have found a place in the vocabulary of an educational system in any other age than this, nor outside of a crowded, cosmopolitan city. Where child life is normal the word could not have an existence. It at once declares the appalling fact that space has to be made for play, and that play itself has to be taught.

Play-centers represent the advanced thought for child life. They stand for a new apprehension of the ethical demand of child life on the resources of the community; a demand first recognized and met by the philanthropists who felt in the overcrowded communities the cruel lack of space that made play impossible, and who saw the results of this in the abnormal development of the children. The lack of space for play, as was natural, brought into existence a generation of children in New York who do not know how to play, whose knowledge of activity is expressed in mischief more or less destructive or malicious, noisy always, with sharpness, shrewdness, and lack of definite purpose, each producing its destructive and undermining effects on character and intelligence.

The workers saw the needs of the children more clearly than how to meet them. It was comparatively easy to evolve classes to supplement the work of the public school, but to supply the lack of space for play and for the normal activities of healthy childhood was not only difficult in itself, but a most difficult problem to place before the public in a convincing light. It took years to convince the leading few that play is a need of child life and must be provided for. The Settlements provided the first play-centers in their back yards surrounded by tenements. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and the Public Education Association of New York, took a decided step in advance by asking for and securing the use of public school buildings. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor established vacation schools, and proved two things: that the children and the parents welcomed the opportunity these vacation schools offered; that astonishing results could be obtained in industrial work where the child followed the bent of his taste or skill. The ethical teaching of this freedom of choice was not the least valuable result the vacation school revealed to the true educator.

The second step was the opening of a few schools by the Public Education Association as evening play-centers. Games, gymnastics, music, pictures, and story-books, with teachers equipped to teach their use, created a new world for children in the overcrowded tenement districts. The streets in the vicinity of these schools were no longer crowded with turbulent children at night. They left the school buildings at half-past nine happy, with the effect of an evening of healthy recreation and stimulation evident in the very tones of their voices.

The success of those two organizations was so positive as to compel public attention and to arouse public sentiment. The result was the introduction of a bill at Albany, in 1898, that amended the statute, giving the Board of Education the control of school property "for purposes of public education, *recreation, and other public uses.*" Since that time the public-school buildings have become the property of the public, and meet each year more nearly the needs of the community in which they are placed.

There was still other public property which could be used by the public only under the closest limitations—the public parks. There came at last a time when the cruelty of maintaining large tracts of grass and arresting people who dared to tread upon it aroused indignation and ridicule. Reluctantly, the signs "Keep off the Grass" disappeared, and certain meadows in the parks were thrown open to the public. It was then found that use displaced abuse, that much of the destruction, both malicious and mischievous, disappeared when the people



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were allowed reasonable enjoyment of their own property.

It was but a natural step to demand playgrounds in the parks. In 1894 the Tenement-House Commission recommended a bill providing for Seward Park to be furnished in part as a playground. This bill became a law in 1895, and the opportunity was utilized by the Park Department in April, 1903. In the interval the Outdoor Recreation League, by the exercise of almost superhuman patience and labor, succeeded in getting the site cleared of the débris the destruction of the old tenements left, and on this site it maintained a playground and outdoor gymnasium. The effort of the League has accomplished at last the ends for which it worked: it has shown that a large percentage of the arrests of boys was due to the lack of space for natural activity; that not only play, but fair play, had to be taught; that honest competition in athletics raised the moral intelligence of the boys who looked on, as well as the boys who competed; that the boy who cheated found himself an outcast, and to just that degree he found the value of right living.

The League convinced the Park authorities of the possibility of assigning space in the parks for playgrounds, thereby securing a far larger return to the citizens on their investments. This year the Department of Parks, under the broad-minded administration of Commissioner Willcox, has thrown open certain spaces for playgrounds for the children, and open-air gymnasiums for the working men and boys.

It is not realized until the play-centers are visited what magnificent structures the new school buildings are, nor how perfectly they are adapted to the modern requirements for the development of child life, for civic regeneration. These buildings, meeting so perfectly these demands, must have two results: that of arousing civic pride in the parents, and a corresponding sense of ownership and responsibility in the children. One school building uptown having entrances on two streets has terraces on which class-rooms open with windows to the ground. The delight of this arrangement in summer was commented on one evening before a mothers' club using one of the class-rooms. At once one of the members, her face alight with pride, responded: "Yes; in summer we come here to get cool, and in winter to keep warm." The same building is used as a vacation school.

The schools have by this new use become a family possession. These mothers were members of a club using a class-room, while their daughters, big and little, were in other class-rooms attending their club meetings, or in the gymnasium just the other side of the hall, or attending night-school in the upper part of the same building. The sons were in the boys' play-center a couple of blocks away or in the night-school. The mothers represented every grade in the public-school system. The club had taken up the history of the city of New York, and the paper was read by the club director provided by the city. After an hour of what might be termed instructive reading and comment, the members took possession of the gymnasium, and, under the director in charge of the physical culture in that play-center, did forty-five minutes of excellent work properly dressed in skirts and bloomers. Fun? They became children again, laughing at each other's mistakes, at anything, everything that made a laugh possible. Many of the children watched their mothers' work as interested critics. Some of these girls were still in bloomers, having just left the gymnasium floor to make room for their mothers.

It is proposed to get up a team of the mothers to play against the daughters in a basket-ball contest. There can be but one result—the bringing into sympathetic relations of mothers and daughters who belonged to two civilizations holding too often too little in common.

The husbands of the members of this club became interested, and asked for a room for their meetings in the same building last spring. One Saturday afternoon in June these clubs, with the members' children, had a June walk in Central Park. When the Board of Education obtained authority to use the school buildings for other than school purposes, it immediately organized a new department—the vacation schools. This was

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followed by the opening of the play-centers after school hours under the same superintendent, Miss E. E. Whitney.

No fair observer would claim that the play-center has evolved itself to perfection. There is much to be learned, much to be added, some features to be eliminated. The play-centers will yet be the laboratories of the educators; they will be a part of the required work in the training of teachers, for it is acknowledged that in play you see the real child, not when the child is trammeled by direction and supervision of which he is conscious.

What is a play-center? Picture a large room brilliantly lighted, with tables of varying heights accommodating four, or at the most six, scattered about in orderly disorder; about these tables are groups of young people and children playing games. At the end of the room a long table, suggesting a library table, is surrounded by young people reading, or younger people looking at pictures and picture-books. These books are distributed by the librarian, who is behind a table stacked with books at the side of the room. The supervisor in charge distributes the games, which cover a wide range of choice—from the simplest games of picture-cards to chess. The janitor of one of the schools sat one evening teaching a working-girl, who had stopped in from the shop where she had worked overtime, to play chess. They were surrounded by a group of working-girls who were intensely and intelligently interested, and engaged the janitor to teach them. He recorded time and name of pupil in a book in the most systematic manner. The games for boys and girls are the same, and played with the same degree of interest. The most remarkable feature of the game-rooms is the uniform good order. Of course the attitude of the supervisors differs greatly. In one of the largest game-rooms in the city, where voices never rise above a pleasant conversational hum, where every boy when he enters comes up to the director, removes his cap, and says "Good-evening," where every boy comes up and makes his adieus before he leaves, the supervisor is a young girl of scarcely twenty, slight, gentle, refined, the very opposite of the type that would come to one's mind as the successful director for a room occupied by two hundred boys. But there she stands, or moves softly about, radiating happiness, swaying every boy to better living.

Separated from the game-room by sliding doors, or by halls, are the gymnasiums. The gymnasium groups represent clubs; on other evenings of the week they meet in the class-rooms. In the foreground are a score or more of small boys in a state of wild excitement, rushing about as only the small boy can. Each is adjusting a toboggan hat of red or blue. They represent two clubs about to enter a basket-ball contest. At the other side of the room is a group of much larger boys going through various gymnasium exercises under a special director; they are training for a contest with a similar group from another play-center. A still larger group is doing "stunts," they say. They are free, but in their freedom they show the result of good work under a director. This scene varies.

One gymnasium in an old armory building, now used as a public school, presents almost an entire block of free space. This is a play-center for boys, but it is used freely by the workingmen of the district. The games are in the near foreground, the gymnasium in the center, separated by ropes which are used to rail off the space at the rear for basket ball. The men crowd the space between the game space and the gymnasium. One realizes that this is indeed a neighborhood center.

It was a stroke of genius to organize groups as clubs. The group gives sometimes one hour to the gymnasium, one to industrial work, sometimes one hour to club work, in an evening. Some clubs give an evening to their club exercises, and divide the time as outlined another evening in the week. It is this form of organization that gives the directors the opportunity to become acquainted with the boys and girls, that permits of the development of the *esprit de corps* so necessary to harmonize and inspire groups not otherwise related. It is not easy to control working boys and girls until they have been invested with a com-

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mon interest, have accepted a common aim.

Perhaps no greater surprise has come to the authorities responsible for the work of the play-centers than the enthusiasm of the girls for the gymnasium, and the excellent work they do in it. At no small sacrifice the girls have provided themselves with gymnasium suits, sometimes improvised, often the work of their own hands, the teachers aiding generously in cutting and giving suggestions for making. Usually the material is dark and has a touch of color in a sash which adds to the beauty of the suit. The girls from the shops have shown marked physical improvement and recognize it. It is delightful to hear their comments; some discovering that they eat more because now they are hungry; some how much more work they can do now because they do not get sleepy in daytime. Not the least interesting discovery is that girls who are in the high school, who have been studying afternoon and evening, run in about half an hour before the play-center closes, and enter vigorously into the difficult free work with a grace and agility that is surprising and stimulating to the working-girls.

The calisthenic work is beautiful in many of the centers. The last twenty minutes in the girls' centers is given to dancing, a concession that has been criticised. This fact must be accepted: the girls will dance; they ought to be taught how. They soon learn that it is only when they accept direction and control that they have the liberty of the floor.

One evening the writer saw twenty girls taken on the floor by two teachers of physical culture, and a lesson in the minuet given. Groups of twenty assembled within sound of the teacher's voice, and eighty girls were carefully following the center group. The progress made in the stately dance by the girls in that play-center in one week was amazing. They showed the subduing effect of the stately measure when they danced the "two-step." In another play-center the director tried to teach a hundred girls at once; they had grown disorderly and indifferent before she had them arranged for the first movement; naturally, these girls "hated" the minuet.

The clubs meet in the class-rooms just above the playgrounds and gymnasiums. They are self-governing, and differ greatly in what they accomplish as well as the degrees of self-government accorded them. On the whole, the boys' clubs are better than the girls', and seem to be animated by a higher ambition, and perhaps, on the whole, have more clearly defined what they want to do.

A club director is provided, who attends each play-center each evening, thus having under control about ten clubs, although in one play-center two men have under their guidance in the week thirty-seven clubs. The directors, where the clubs are best organized, pass from room to room.

The president occupies the teacher's desk and chair, and is supported on either side by a secretary and treasurer, for each club pays dues, which will be used at the close of the year, or on an anniversary, to meet the expenses of the entertainment. The clubs vary in size, but rarely exceed twenty-five. The club evening is a literary evening. It is delightful to see the unconscious expression of *noblesse oblige* in these groups. Turbulence is resented, so strong has the public spirit become in favor of order.

Each club has a programme committee, which submits its conclusions to the director, or appeals to him for advice. It is amazing to see the amount of work boys will do for these club evenings. The members are asked what part they will take, and they volunteer or agree to help in carrying out the committee's plans.

One evening a club of working boys had three of their number as speakers. One gave a clear, graphic account of a basket-ball game in which two teams from a neighboring center took part; one gave a history of the game; the last speaker, a history of physical culture, closing with a well-put contrast in the treatment of the poor and the sick by the Greeks and their treatment in New York at the present time. In another class-room the club was composed of school-boys, many of whom worked before and after school hours with their

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parents, finishing men's trousers; two worked in a paper-box factory owned by their father, and four sold papers. None were over fourteen. The president was bright, dignified, and held the club down to the programme, maintaining perfect order. The main speaker in the debate assigned to that evening, "Should Senators be Elected by the People?" was ill, so an improvised programme was presented. This consisted of recitations and singing. Not only one's sympathy went out, but love itself, to these boys. Some of them were dirty and ragged, but "Barbara Frietchie," "The Psalm of Life," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," were given with vigor and grace. "The Brook" was feelingly recited by a boy who did not know what a brook was. The recitations were alternated by songs, solos sung by the members. The songs were street songs, and were hummed by the other boys. When the singer forgot a line, a dozen voices gave him the cue. With perfect frankness one boy was told he would better not sing again; he did not know how. The president had standards. On this evening each member volunteered his services. One boy who volunteered too often was told he wanted to own the stage. He subsided for the rest of the evening. One of the most interesting rooms was that in charge of a graduate of Columbia, who suggested the experiment—now no longer an experiment—that a room should be provided where boys should receive help in their lessons for the following day, suggestions for supplementary reading, assistance in subjects for debate, directions as to the best sources of material for preparing for participation in the debate, and advice in parliamentary procedure, and be helped to prepare for civil service examination.

In this room were boys of every age, considering every subject, from sums in long division to questions statesmen would hesitate to decide. The discovery of the number of school-boys who must work before and after school if they are to continue their education, and of boys who never hear English in their own homes and suffer in their grade work because of this and of the overcrowded classes, led to the establishment of this particular library, as it is called, which marks a high degree of appreciation of the needs of the school-children in our tenement-house districts by the school authorities.

The girl club work differs. There is not the same spontaneity. Direction must be more direct. Like the boys' clubs, the girls' clubs are self-governing, each having a constitution drawn by a committee of the members and passed under parliamentary rules, the director taking part in the discussion but not voting. The membership of these clubs, as with the boys' clubs, is of working-girls, girls who are wage-earners after school, those who assist fathers and mothers in the small stores, or girls who do the housework after school. Some high-school girls were found who joined the clubs for the privilege of the gymnasium and who were doing work which stimulated the others to effort. In one girls' club where the programme for the evening could not be carried out, "Cinderella" was given by seven working-girls who had been trained while school-girls in the public school. At another club parts of "Midsummer Night's Dream" were given with comprehension and grace. Another club had made out a programme of work for several weeks, deciding to take one poem of each poet as one evening's work. The writer was present the evening this club gave "Enoch Arden." The story was told in prose by one of the girls, and then it was read by the selected readers for the evening. This was followed by the reading of the lines of the poem that different members thought the most perfect. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was to follow the next week; then "Evangeline," and one evening was to be given to a group of Longfellow's short poems. Shakespeare was to follow.

Another club was to study the lives of American women who had acquired prominence by their own efforts—such as Lucy Larcom, Mary Anderson, Susan B. Anthony, Alice Freeman Palmer, and others.

The training in parliamentary law teaches self-restraint and courtesy. A public spirit is developed in the club

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which frowns down partiality, usurpation, and political tricks.

The boys, especially on the East Side, are born politicians. No sooner is the club election over than wirepulling for the next set of officers begins. But their standards are rising. The members are forced to see the difference between competency and incompetency, and are waking up to the value of ability in a club officer.

The education in the technique of democracy, in civil government, can be given more forcibly, more convincingly in the club than by any amount of textbook teaching or presentation of a theory, no matter how well presented. Each voter learns the value of his decision expressed by his vote. He, not another, helps to place the right or the wrong candidate in office. The club becomes a community that is dependent for its growth on the kind of officers the community elects. What trading in votes means is learned by the community compelled to live under its results. Girls as well as boys are learning the ethics of the franchise.

Without intention, the lectures and the play-centers have supplemented each other and have become a bond of family union, giving a common interest to the members of the family. The game-room offers a safe, sure, and interesting place for the children old enough for the director to accept, and not old enough for the lecture. It is one of the most convincing values of the play-center work that the directors do meet family emergencies, and make it possible for a husband, wife, and older children to attend a lecture together.

Naturally, the illustrated lecture is the most popular. The ecture-centers are placed in fireproof ouildings, having large assembly-rooms, lighted by gas or electricity. When the school-houses in the crowded centers do not meet these standards, churches, halls, and Settlements are selected. One of these lecture-centers is on the site of the schoolhouse built by the old church opposite, on the grant of land made to the church by the first Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam. At the side of the schoolhouse is a part of the old graveyard which the road separated from the well-kept grounds about the old church. On the school records are the historic names found on the old stones opposite and in the annals of the history of Long Island. From the front windows of this building the ocean can be seen.

The assembly-room is at the top of the building. It is hung with beautiful photographs, the gifts of the Parents' Association, formed eight years ago. Each anniversary of the Association is celebrated by the gift of a framed photograph to this room. Each class leaves behind it when promoted a framed photograph in its class-room; each graduating class a group picture, which is hung in the hall, as well as a large photograph which is hung in the assembly-room. Every picture bears an inscribed plate identifying the givers. No more typical American audience could be found in the city than that which assembles in this room to attend the lectures given under the Board of Education.

Not all play-centers are perfect; not all the lecturers eloquent; not all audiences responsive; not all children receptive. But this is profoundly true, that the clubs teach ethics as nothing else can; to play fair becomes imperative if one is to gain power at the will of his fellows. To see one's self in the community relation is forced upon the most stupid in club life. Above all, the space is here given for freedom under the least dictation. Eventually each finds his place, learns to take his own measurements.

The lecture-centers give instruction, stimulation, and create for the family life a center of intellectual interest. The subjects cover a wide field, and are often presented with rare perception of the needs of the audience. When a lecture is given where a foreign tongue is the language of the people, that language is spoken by the lecturer. The subjects are such as will enlighten the hearers on the history, development, and traditions of this country, as well as on art, music, hygiene, sanitation, and on civil government. The lecture-centers and play-centers are to-day two of the great unifying and civilizing forces acting directly on the people least familiar with our

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National traditions, our ideals, or our form of government.

The latest step inaugurated by the city of New York in the interest of the children is the introduction of the trained nurses in co-operation with the medical inspectors, under the joint supervision of the Board of Education and the Department of Health.

A day spent with one of these nurses is a revelation of what child life lacks in New York. The nurse comes into the first school building on her list about a quarter of nine. She carries with her certain simple accessories for her work. In some buildings a room and closet are assigned to her use; in others she uses the end of a hall; in still others the playground. The children selected by the medical director for her care are sent to her by the teachers, and such suspects as the inspector has not yet seen. These last are kept for the inspector if he has not yet been through the building for the day. The spread of contagious diseases must be greatly lessened as one result of the medical inspection and home visiting of the nurses.

One morning a small child, her hair in two flaxen braids down her back, was greatly pleased when the doctor expressed a desire to see her sister in another grade. They came fearlessly to the doctor, who told them they were going to have a vacation. Both blushed; it was well understood that head troubles debarred attendance, and dirt meant being sent home to be made clean. Tears slowly welled up in the blue eyes raised to the doctor. He comprehended at once, and told the children that they had chicken-pox. He wrote a note to the mother, and with the aid of the nurse bundled the two little girls up to protect them from the cold.

The neglected children who must be sent home are sometimes quite heartbroken. The nurse calls after school at the homes, giving careful directions as to what should be done to get the child back to school. These visits continue until the child is discharged by the doctor. As among the teachers, work "not nominated in the bond" is done by the nurses.

Visiting the child sent home from school reveals other children needing care, or a sick parent, or poverty that ought to be relieved. One small boy in the lowest grade who had lost a leg was found using a crutch much too small. It was found that a suitable crutch could and should be bought for the child, to whose father had been awarded $2,500 as damages for his son's injuries. The boy was dirty and uncared for; the money had been invested in a business which was prospering. The father was obliged to buy a crutch to replace the one he had made, too short, clumsy, and heavy.

The nurses teach the children how to wash faces, ears, hands, necks, and how to clean their nails. Hints are given about tidiness. When the boy says his mother has not time to sew on buttons because she works or has a number of children, he is made to understand that he ought to be able to sew on buttons and do simple mending himself. The girl is, when possible, made to feel it a disgrace not to keep her clothes in order.

From the teachers there is universal testimony of the effect of these school nurses. They have removed burdens from the class-room that at times made it almost unbearable. The children have recovered from their first fear, and come gladly to the nurse. The work in the homes done by these nurses makes a positive link just at the level where the school has its slightest hold. The children kept home because of sickness, those sent home for any physical cause, are brought directly under the oversight of these nurses, and cannot add to the number of street children, for they are watched and returned to school when they are in a physical condition that justifies class-room work, or when they are safe companions for other children.

The school system of New York is fast becoming a special providence to the children. They cannot get beyond its protecting care. Better still, the community is recognizing that no city can boast of its civilization while the cost of its police, courts, jails, reformatories, and prisons exceeds the sum spent in education. The battle in New York has

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been long, and has worn out many citizens; but the battle has not been in vain, for the children are at last recognized as the protectors and guardians of the ideal future toward which every honest, earnest man and woman is looking.

# Without Water: An Arizona Experience

By Guy Lincoln Jones

"WELL," said the engineer, slowly, "I'm afraid we are up against it." Mr. Woodruff did not talk much, and when he had something to say, we all knew he had been thinking; this time he had been thinking hard. Around the camp table the men ate in silence, and their tired, dusty faces showed that they had other thoughts than those of the meal. One got up, leaving his half-finished supper, and went outside. I tried to finish mine, but the food almost choked me, and I could not. Collectively we had the same thing staring us in the face, and each had his own thoughts. Many were the plans discussed around the campfire that night, but words were few. I was "aweary of this little world," and took myself off to my blankets, hoping that a rattlesnake would not visit me in the night, for rattlesnakes are no respecters of persons in southern Arizona. It would have taken more than whisky to save a man then. A desert camp without water is bad enough when you know where you are and can get in the next night, but we now had an entirely different proposition.

Briefly, what had gone before was this: There are still some parts of the United States where the maps are not accurate, and the work looks as though a survey had just gone in there and looked around a little, and then come out. Some parts of Arizona are mapped as flat plains with salt lakes scattered over them, which are really broken by rough mountain ranges, and are as large as a New England State. We had left the Indian Reservation, the last outpost of civilization, a few weeks before. They had water there, anyway, and in the river bottom were green things, arrow-weed and mesquite. How glad we had been to see them, after months on the desert! White men, too, the agent, the signal service man, and the post trader, for once there were soldiers here, when the Indians were bad. It's a hundred and forty-three miles to the railroad, and they were glad to see us, too. Indian riders carry the mail in this country, for white men come high.

When we left the agency, we knew it would be a hard trip, but to hardship everybody was accustomed. "Was there any road?" "Well, that was hard to say. You take that side of yonder mountain, and keep it on your right. Twenty years ago I could have told you how to get anywhere in these hills (you can see a hundred miles in that clear atmosphere), but now there are so many roads I get confused myself." This latter meant that a wagon had once been through, and where its tracks had not been covered by the drifting sand, well, that was the road. Any wagon-track in Arizona is "the road." Two or three wagons at cross-purposes can spoil directions easily, and the old fellow was at a loss. The objective point scaled one hundred and eighty miles on the map, and crossed two mountain ranges. The distance for us no man could tell. There was water twenty-three miles out, and who knew what would follow? At the first tank we heard of a man twenty-five miles further on, but not within fifteen miles of our prospective line, who had water when last heard from; but the engineer in charge rode over and arranged with him to haul barrels at six cents a gallon, and distribute it for two camps. Then, when we were out of range of this source, we knew there had been water two or three years ago up in Cunningham Pass, and probably an abandoned mine-shaft or two would be holding seepage, and that would tide us over. But Cunningham

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Pass would still be fifteen miles away, and time did not admit of side excursions. So we drank all the water we could that morning, filled all the barrels and canteens, and loaded on the camp outfit and grub. Second night, no water; but this was no new experience, and we must strike it by the next night. Men grow careless when they take such risks, but Providence is with the brave—or the foolish—and, strange to say, we had a cloudburst in the afternoon, which came down the mountain torrents and dry arroyos, filling barrels, canteens, dish-pans, buckets, and our dry mouths. Spirits rose, and the head teamster said, "Boys, we'll make it." That night we were within five miles of our water, and the next morning, moving the camp up to it, the spring was dry!

It is an extraordinary country, this great Southwest, partly because of its natural peculiarity and partly because it is so little known. You can pick up agates and garnets on the ground. There are world-old cacti, tall as the tallest tree, with gallons of moisture drawn from a parched sand. The coyotes and the rattlesnakes live on the young jack-rabbits, and the rabbits live on the Lord knows what. There are areas and there are beaten tracks, but if you leave them it is a very serious matter. The inhabited, or indeed the inhabitable, region is very small. They say the already scanty rainfall is getting less and less. It is so dry that twelve hours after the heaviest rainfall there is no sign in the parched ground. Even from a car window, that very unsatisfactory way of seeing a country, you know you are in a strange land. "Sun, silence, and adobe" is the legend of New Mexico. Arizona—the "sister Territory"—is not the same. It is American and it has life and vim. There are not two civilizations within its borders. The Mexican peon is not a political factor. It is a land of American vigor, trackless deserts, dry salt lakes, barren sunburned mountains, cactus, coyotes, rattlesnakes, and jack-rabbits.

While the rest of the country was freezing under the last continental glacier, the Southwest was untouched. Arizona shows no evidences of glacial action; and as the landscapes we are accustomed to are largely carved out by glacial erosion, this transition to a country in another geologic age is very interesting. While the awful buckling was going on in the Rockies, the backbone of the continent rose in its ragged outline and the natural decomposition of rock and material and the shiftings and precipitations over the areas indiscriminately left a comparatively even layer on the bed-rock. Then came the waters and changed this high-mountained, deep-valleyed, antediluvian world. From the hillsides was washed down the soil, and distributed over the valleys. They are quite level now, these places between the mountains; and the mountains themselves are bold rocks rising from the plain. All the rivers have "second banks," between which the water ran when it was a torrent a hundred feet deep—banks with the high flat mesa stretching back. Where the valleys have only a dry arroyo for a watershed, broad flats covered with a varying growth of greasewood and cactus, the soil from the mountains has been washed down, not by the rainfall, but by the receding waters ages ago, so that as the land rose it rose as from the sea, with all the fertility of sea-bottom ooze, or all the barrenness of a sandy shore. Absence of water now makes both alike barren. As one stands on the hot, sunburned rocks of a mountain pass and looks off over the broad brown valley beneath, he seems to see in his mind's eye the seething of the subsiding waters at the base of yonder pinnacle as perhaps the primitive man stood and watched it ages ago.

I remember the experience of one engineer party with this country which was almost disastrous. It was an effort to cross an unknown tract skirted on one side by a river and on the other by a railroad. When they had gone so far from the river that the soft sand forbade continued hauling of water—the horses of the water team drank up all the water they could haul before they got into camp—they made a heavy march across to an old trail that had been used for freighting in the California gold-field days, and when they were on

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the verge of exhaustion found a prospector with a shaft and a limited supply of very brackish, alkaline water. They stopped and rigged a condenser, securing a barrel of fresh water for fifteen dollars! This lasted just one day, and they went back to salt water with the weakening horses. From there they made another move across a dry salt lake, where the levels showed an elevation of thirteen feet below sea-level, to a little sink on the further margin, where a briny liquid, scarce fit to be called water, oozed out of the ground under pressure of the salt hard-pan which underlay the lake. Report had it that the last man to pass through had lost two horses drinking that water, and the bleached bones of a pair of beasts a few miles beyond confirmed the tale. The pitiless sun rose each morning in a cloudless sky, and the weary men dragged themselves out to another day of thirst and salt water; at night returning to lie down, with the bright stars shining overhead, and not even the howl of a coyote to break the stillness. It had been a difficult thing to get in, and they did not like to come out leaving the work unfinished; but when physical strength could stand no more and the water was draining their vitality day by day, they abandoned their camp and instruments one night, and, with the wagons and horses and as much salt water as they could haul, without a halt came through the next afternoon, and over a low divide saw the line of telegraph poles and glistening steel rails down in the broad flat beyond. They went on following the railroad till late at night, when they came to a desert section-house with an Oriental name, where a tank-car was set in on the side track, and the water out of that car was as from the springs of the gods.

It is a queer sensation—this being without water. An athlete on the field or a man in a college crew after a hot afternoon on the river would give his soul for a drink before he gets back to the boat-house. But he goes in, and the shower-bath soon makes him forget it. Desert thirst is, first of all, the drying up of your very vitals, and, second, it is the demon of fear that you will become insane before you get water. You must contemplate it deliberately, and this slow approach does not lessen the terror. What if you lose control of yourself? The unfamiliar country destroys your confidence; you will mistake your landmarks. So much depends on the right step. If by chance you have mistaken one mountain for another—the maps are hopelessly confused—or if the sand has drifted over the fork of the wagon road you are following, and you have missed the turn, so much depends on it that you feel the constant presence of danger, a danger lying in the unknown, and are liable to stampede. If a man out of water loses his head on the desert, he is practically lost. He must act quickly and be sure he is right. A mistake in direction is probably fatal.

"There must be water somewhere around here," said Kimball, and rehearsed the directions we had from an old prospector who had packed a burro over the trail many a time. We had a cow-puncher caring for the stock who was already on his knees examining the cattle trails that led to the spring. He got up without much encouragement. Kimball was an old-timer, descendant of those Utah Mormons, hardy pioneers, who had braved the deserts many a time before entirely undaunted; but, seeing his work before him, he acted with his usual decision and promptness, and ordered the camp established here—it was of no use to drag the outfit around looking for water; then he and Woodruff held a short consultation.

When we had the tents up and the little water there was left put into an empty barrel, Kimball divided the searching force into four parts. Each wagon took empty barrels and two men, and Mr. Woodruff, mounting his horse, set off in still another direction. Kimball said, "If there's any water around here, we'll bring some back," and, calling to his four handsome grays, was off through the greasewood and disappeared. We had ample time to plan for the final "every man for himself," if it came to that. In a general way, it was fifty-five miles to the railroad. Over the moun-

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tain, about thirty miles, was a desert ranch with a well—an old corporal's guard post in the days of the Overland, with adobe walls and loopholes. But it was a day's hard work over the mountain, and eighteen miles further on the other side. You could go through Cunningham Pass, but that was fifteen miles further, though there might be some water in the pass. The stock could not get over the mountain, but then it would not have been a question of stock at that time. There was still the case of canned tomatoes. The afternoon was not one for raising hopes. The worst fears began to get some hearing. Two wagons had come in, horses tired and men with pretty serious faces. Then came the boss, and without a word turned his horse over to the teamster and went into his tent. Cook rang the supper-bell, and as we came in all eyes turned to Woodruff. He sighed wearily, and said, "I don't know what to do." There was no water, and our last hope was the one remaining wagon. Grave conjectures that night filled the talk around the fire, and we took to our blankets looking up at the stars for help before sleep came.

Morning dawned; no water, and the last wagon not yet in. Horses could scarcely eat their feed, and looked with their big soft eyes as any one came up, or pricked up their ears and whinnied if a man went to a canteen to moisten his lips. Mr. Woodruff took his horse early and went off without a word. That meant inaction till he came back. Just before noon he suddenly appeared, his face very red, and asked if Kimball was in yet. Answer was, "No." "Well," said he, "we can't wait for him;" and, ordering a little grub and feed into the wagons, making the loads as light as possible, we left the rest of the outfit to see if we could get in. It was past the time for thinking of saving anything.

At sundown or a little after we made camp, unhitched the gaunt animals which had been almost three days without water, fried a little bacon on the coals, and got ready for the last night's sleep, for if we got to no water by to-morrow night there could be no stop. Horses were giving out pretty fast. We got around the fire to talk it over. Men will always give way a little to their feelings in the afterglow, and when there is no talk the presence of others is a solace. We sat there moodily, when some one said, "What's that?" Now, Kimball's non-appearance was in every one's mind. I personally never thought for a moment of desertion. He knew there was no water in camp, and that it was of no use to come back without any. When he came he would bring water, but it might, of course, be too late. Instead, however, of listening for the jolting of a wagon, I jumped up expecting the warning of a rattlesnake attracted by the firelight. Just then the horses began to whinny, and from out the darkness came the answering whinny of the approaching team. We all stood up and looked into one another's faces. "Kimball." As the four great grays came into the circle of the firelight, casting long, grotesque shadows into the darkness, Kimball, high up on his box, swung his leaders short over, and the swish of the water in the barrels as he drew up told us the story.

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# K'dunk the Fat One

By William J. Long

K'DUNK the Fat One, as Simmo calls him, came out of his winter den the morning after the Reverend James had stirred the sod of his first flower-bed. It was early April, and the first smell of spring was in the air—that subtle call of Mother Earth to her drowsy children to awake and come out and do things. The Reverend James felt the call in his nose, and, remembering his boyhood, as we all do at the smell of spring, resolved to go fishing after he had finished his morning paper. His wife felt it, went to the door, took a long breath, and cried, "Isn't this just glorious!" Then she grabbed a trowel—for when a man must off to the brook for his first trout, a woman, by the same inner compulsion, must dig in the earth—and started for the flower-bed. A moment later her excited call came floating in through the open window.

"Ja-a-a-mes? James!"—the first call with a long up-slide, the second more peremptory—"what in the world did you plant in this flower-bed?"

"Why," said the Reverend James, peering quizzically over the rim of his spectacles at the open window, "why, I thought I planted portulaca seed."

"Then come out here and see what's come up," ordered his wife; and the surprised old gentleman came hurriedly to the door to blink in astonishment at three fat toads, that were also blinking in the warm sunshine, and a huge mud-turtle that was sprawling and hissing indignantly in a great hole in the middle of his flower-bed.

A sly, whimsical twinkle was under the old minister's spectacles as he regarded the queer crop that had come up over night. "Whatsoever a man soweth, whatsoever a man soweth," he quoted softly to himself, eying the three toads askance, and poking the big turtle inquisitively, but snapping his hand back at sight and sound of the hooked beak and the fierce hissing. Then, because his library contained no book of exegesis equal to the occasion, he caught a small boy who was passing on his way to school and sent him off post-haste to my rooms to find out what it was all about.

Now, the three fat toads had also smelled the spring down in a soft spot under the lawn, whither, in the previous autumn, they had burrowed for their winter sleep. When the Reverend James stirred the sod, the warm sun thawed them out and brought them the spring's message, and they scrambled up to the surface promptly, as full of new life as if they had not been frozen into insensible clods for the past six months. As for the big turtle, the smell of the fresh earth had probably brought her up from the neighboring pond to search out a nest for herself where she might lay her eggs. Finding the soft warm earth of the portulaca-bed, she had squirmed and twisted her way down into it, the loose earth tumbling in on her and hiding her as she went down.

When the sharp feminine eyes swept over the flower-bed, they detected at once the hollow in the middle, showing careless workmanship on the part of somebody. "That hole must be filled up," promptly declared Mrs. James; but first, womanlike, she thrust her trowel deep into it. "Aha! a rock—careless man," she gave judgment, and took another jab and a two-handed heave at the hard object. Whereupon out came the big mud-turtle, scrambling, hissing, protesting with beak and claw against being driven out of the best nest she had ever found so early in the season.

That night there were curious sounds in the grass and dead leaves—rustlings and croakings and low musical trills, as the toads came hopping briskly by twos and threes down to the pond. From every direction, from garden and lawn and wood and old stone wall, they came croaking and trilling through the quiet twilight, and hopping high with delight at the first smell of water. Down the banks they came, sliding, rolling, tumbling end over end—any way to get down quickly—landing at last with glad splashings and croakings in the warm



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shallows, where they promptly took to biting and clawing and absurd little wrestling bouts; which is the toad's way of settling his disputes and taking his own mate away from the other fellows.

Two or three days they stayed in the pond, filling the air with gurgling croaks and filling the water with endless strings of gelatine-coated eggs—enough to fill the pond banks full of pollywogs, did not Mother Nature step in and mercifully dispose of ninety-nine per cent. of them within a few days of hatching, and set the rest of them to eating each other industriously as they grew, till every pollywog that was left might truthfully sing, with the cannibalistic mariner:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

For every pollywog represented in his proper person some hundred or more of his fellow-pollywogs that he had eaten in the course of his development. But long before that time the toads had left the pond, scattering to the four winds whence they had come, caring not now what became of their offspring. It was then that K'dunk the Fat One came back to the portulaca-bed.

Mrs. James found him there the next morning—a big, warty gray toad with a broad grin and a fat belly and an eye like a jewel—blinking sleepily after his night's hunting. "Mercy! there's that awful toad again. I hope"—with a cautious glance all round—"I hope he hasn't brought the turtle with him." She gave him a prod and a flip with the trowel to get him out of the flower-bed, whereupon K'dunk scrambled into his hole under an overhanging sod and refused to come out, in spite of tentative pokes of the trowel in a hand that was altogether too tender to hurt him. And there he stayed, waging his silent warfare against the trowel, until I chanced along and persuaded the good lady that she was trying to drive away the very best friend that her flowers could possibly have. Then K'dunk settled down in peace, and we all took to watching him.

His first care was to make a few hiding-holes here and there in the garden. Most of these were mere hollows in the soft earth, where K'dunk would crouch with eyes shut tight whenever his enemies were near. His color changed rapidly till it was the same general hue of his surroundings, so that when he lay quiet and shut his bright eyes in one of his numerous hollows it was almost impossible to find him. But after he had been worried two or three times by the house dog—a fat, wheezy little pug that always grew excited when K'dunk began to hop about in the twilight, but that could never bark himself up to the point of touching the clammy thing with his nose—he dug other holes, under the sod banks or beside a rock, where Grunt, the pug, could not bother him without getting too much out of breath.

We made friends with him at first by scratching his back with a stick, at which pleasant operation he would swell and grunt with satisfaction. But you could never tell when he would get enough, or at what moment he would feel his dignity touched in a tender spot and go hopping off to the garden in high dudgeon. Then we fed him flies and bits of tender meat which we would wiggle with a bit of grass to make them seem alive. At the same time we whistled a certain call to teach him when his supper was ready. Then, finally, by gentle handlings and pettings, he grew quite tame, and at the sound of the whistle would scramble out from under the doorstep, where he lived by day, and hop briskly in our direction to be fed and played with.

Though K'dunk had many interesting traits, which we discovered with amazement as the summer progressed and we grew better acquainted, I think that his feeding ways and tricks were the source of our most constant delight and wonder. Just to see him stalk a fly filled one with something of the tense excitement of a deer hunt. As he sat by a stump or clod in the fading light, some belated fly or early night bug would light on the ground in front of him. Instantly the jewel eye in K'dunk's head would begin to flash and sparkle. He would crouch down and creep nearer,

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toeing-in like a duck, slower and slower, one funny little paw brushing cautiously by the other, with all the stealth and caution of a cat stalking a chipmunk on the wall. Then, as he neared his game, there would be a bright flash of the jewel, a red streak shot through the air—so quick that your eye could not follow it—and the fly would disappear. Whereupon K'dunk would gulp something down, closing his eyes solemnly as he did so, as if he were saying grace, or as if, somehow, closing his eyes to all outward things made the morsel taste better.

The red streak, of course, was K'dunk's tongue, wherein lies the secret of his hunting. It is attached at the outer rim of his mouth and folds back in his throat. The inner end is broad and soft and sticky, and he snaps it out and back quick as a wink or a lizard. Whatever luckless insect the tongue touches is done with all bothering of our humanity. The sticky tongue snaps him up and back into K'dunk's wide mouth before he has time to spread a wing, or even to think what is the matter with him.

Once I saw him stalk a grasshopper, a big, lively green fellow that, in a particularly long jump, had come out of the protecting grass and landed on the brown earth directly in front of where K'dunk was catching the flies that were coming in a steady stream to a bait that I had put out for them. Instantly K'dunk turned his attention from the flies to the larger game. Just as his tongue shot out, the grasshopper, growing suspicious, jumped for cover. The soft tongue missed him by a hair, but struck one of his trailing legs and knocked him aside. In an instant K'dunk was after him again, his legs scrambling desperately, his eyes blazing, and his tongue shooting in and out like a streak of flame. Just as the grasshopper rose in a hard jump the tongue hit him, and I saw no more. But K'dunk's gulp was bigger and his eyes were closed for a longer period than usual, and there was a loud protesting rustle in his throat, as the grasshopper's long legs went kicking down the road that has no turning.

A big caterpillar that I found and brought to K'dunk, one day, afforded us all another field for rare observation. The caterpillar was a hairy fellow, bristling with stiff spines, and I doubted that the tongue had enough mucilage on it to stick to him. But K'dunk had no such doubts. His tongue flew out and his eyes closed solemnly. At the same time I saw the caterpillar shrink himself together and stick his spines out stiffer than ever. Then a curious thing came out, namely, that K'dunk's mouth is so big, and his game is usually so small, that he cannot taste his morsel; he just swallows mechanically, as if he were so used to catching his game that it never occurred to him that he could miss. When he opened his eyes and saw the caterpillar in the same place, he thought, evidently, that it was another one which had come in mysteriously on wings, as the flies were coming to my bait. Again his tongue shot out, and his eyes closed in a swallow of delight. But there in front of him, as his eyes opened, was another caterpillar. Such perfect harmony of supply and demand was never known to a toad before.

Again and again his tongue shot out, and each shot was followed by a blink and a gulp. All the while that he kept up this rapid shooting he thought he was getting fresh caterpillars, and all the while the hairy fellow was shrinking closer and closer together and sticking his spines out like a porcupine. But he was getting more mucilage on him at every shot. "That caterpillar is getting too stuck up to live," presently said little Johnnie, who was watching the game with me; and at the word a hairy ball shot into the wide mouth that was yawning for him, and K'dunk went back to his fly-catching.

It is probably this lack of taste on K'dunk's part that accounts for the astonishing variety in his food. Nothing in the shape of an insect seemed to come amiss to him. Flies, wasps, crickets, caterpillars, doodle-bugs, and beetles of every description were all treated alike to the same red flash of his tongue and the blinking gulp. A half-dozen boys and girls, who were watching the queer pet with me, were

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put to their wits' end to find something that he would not eat. One boy, who picked huckleberries, brought in three or four of the disagreeable little bugs, known without a name by every country boy, that have the skunk habit of emitting overpowering odors when disturbed, thinking that he had found a poser for our pet; but K'dunk gobbled them up as if they had been set before him as a relish to tickle his appetite. Another brought potato-bugs; but these, too, were fish for K'dunk's net. Then a third boy, who had charge of a kitchen-garden, went away wagging his head and saying that he had just picked something that no living thing would eat. When he came back, he had a horse-radish bottle that swarmed with squash-bugs, twenty or thirty of the vile-smelling things, which he dumped out on the ground and stirred up with a stick.

Somebody ran and brought K'dunk from one of his hiding-places and set him down on the ground in front of the squirming mess. For a moment he seemed to be eying his proposition with astonishment. Then he crouched down and the swift red tongue play began. In four minutes, by my watch, every squash-bug that stirred had disappeared, and K'dunk finished the others as fast as we could wiggle them with a straw to make them seem alive.

We gave up trying to beat him on variety after that, and settled down to the apparently simple task of trying to find out how many insects he could eat before calling halt. But even here K'dunk was too much for us; we never, singly or altogether, reached the limit of his appetite. Once we fed him ninety rosebugs without stopping. Another afternoon, when three boys appeared at the same hour, we put our catch together, a varied assortment of flies, bugs, and creeping things, a hundred and sixty-four head all told. Before dark K'dunk had eaten them all, and went hopping off to the garden on his night's hunting—as if he had not already done enough to prove himself our friend for the entire summer.

Later we adopted a different plan and made the game come to K'dunk on its own wings, instead of running all over creation ourselves to catch it for him. Near the barn was a neglected drain where the flies were numerous enough to warn us to look after our sanitation more zealously. Here I built a little cage of wire netting, in which I placed a dead rat and some scraps from the table. When the midday sun found them and made them odorous, big flies began to pour in, with the loud buzzing which seems to be a signal to their fellows; for in ordinary flight the same flies are almost noiseless. Once, however, they find a bit of carrion fit for their eggs, they buzz about loudly every few minutes, and other flies hear them; whereupon their quiet flight changes to a loud buzzing. So the news spreads—at least this seems to help the matter—and flies pour in from every direction.

At three o'clock I brought K'dunk from his meditations under the doorstep and set him down in the cage, screening him with a big rhubarb leaf so that the sun would not dazzle his eyes too much. Then I took out my watch and sat down on a rock to count.

In the first ten minutes K'dunk got barely a dozen flies. They were wary of him in the bright light, and he was not yet waked up to the occasion. Then he crouched down between the rat and the scraps, worked a hollow for himself where he could turn without being noticed, and the red tongue play began in earnest. In the next half-hour he got sixty-six flies, an average of over two a minute. In an hour his record was a hundred and ten; and before I left him he had added two dozen more to the score of our enemies. Then the flies ceased coming as the air grew cool, and I carried him back to the doorstep. But that night, later than usual, he was off to the garden again to keep up his splendid work.

When the summer glowworms came (lightning-bugs the boys called them), we saw another curious and pretty bit of hunting. One night, as we sat on the porch in the soft twilight, I saw the first lightning-bug glowing in the grass, and went to catch it as a jewel for a lady's hair. As I reached down my hand under a bush the glow suddenly disappeared, and I put my fingers on

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K'dunk instead. He too had seen the glow, and had instantly adopted jacking as his mode of hunting.

Later I caught a lightning-bug and put it in a tiny bottle and dropped it in front of K'dunk as he started across the lawn in the late twilight. He saw the glow through the glass and took a shot at it promptly. As with the hairy caterpillar, he shut his eyes as he gulped down the imaginative morsel, and when he opened them again there was another lightning-bug glowing in the grass just where the first had been. So he kept the tiny bottle jumping about the lawn at the repeated laps of his tongue, blinking and swallowing between whiles, until the glowworm, made dizzy perhaps by the topsy-turvy play of his strange cage, folded his wings and hid his little light. Whereupon K'dunk hopped away, thinking, no doubt, in his own way that, while lightning-bugs were unusually thick that night and furnished the prettiest kind of hunting, they were very poor satisfaction to a hungry stomach—not to be compared with what he could get by jumping up at the insects that hid on the under side of the leaves on every plant in the garden.

It needed no words of mine by this time to convince the good Mrs. James that K'dunk was her friend. Indeed, she paid a small boy ten cents apiece for a half-dozen toads to turn loose about the premises to help K'dunk in his excellent work. And the garden flourished as never before, thanks to the humble little helpers. But K'dunk's virtues were more than utilitarian; he was full of unexpected things that kept us all constantly watching with delight to see what would happen next. As I said, he soon learned to come to the call; but, more than that, he was fond of music. If you whistled a little tune softly, he would stay perfectly still until you finished before going off on his night's hunting. Then, if you changed the tune, or whistled discordantly, he would hop away as if he had no further use for you.

Sometimes, at night, a few young people would gather on the porch and sing together—a proceeding which often tolled K'dunk out from under the doorstep, and which on one occasion brought him hopping hurriedly back from the garden, whither he had gone an hour before to hunt his supper. Quiet hymns he seemed to like, for he always kept still as a worshiper—which pleased the Reverend James immensely—but "rag-time" music he detested, if one could judge by his actions, and by the unmistakable way he had of turning his back upon what did not appeal to him or touch his queer fancy.

One evening a young girl with a very sweet natural voice was singing by an open window on the porch. She was singing for the old folks' pleasure, that night, some old, simple melodies that they liked best. Just within the window the piano was playing a soft accompaniment. A stir in the grass attracted my attention, and there was K'dunk trying in vain to climb up the step. I called Mrs. James's attention quietly to the queer guest, and then lifted K'dunk gently to the piazza. There he followed along the rail till he was close beside the singer, where he sat perfectly still, listening intently as long as she sang. Nor was she conscious, that night, of this least one among her hearers.

Two or three times this happened in the course of the summer. The girl's voice seemed to have a fascination for our homely little pet, for at the first sweet notes he would scramble out from his hiding and try to climb the steps. When I lifted him to the porch, he would hop along till close beside the singer, where he would sit, all quietness and appreciation, as long as she sang. Then, one night when he had sat humble and attentive at her feet through two songs, a tenor who studied in New York, and who sometimes gave concerts, was invited to sing. He responded promptly and atrociously with "O Hully Gee"—which was not the name of the thing, but only the academy boys' version of a once popular love song. Had K'dunk been a German choir leader he could not have so promptly and perfectly expressed his opinion of the wretched twaddle. It was not the fool words, which he could not, fortunately, understand, nor yet the wretched tingle-tangle

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music, which was past praying for, but rather the voice itself, with its forced, unnatural quality, so often affected by tenors. At the first strident notes K'dunk grew uneasy. Then he scrambled to the edge of the porch, and fell off headlong in his haste to get down and away from the soul-disturbing performance.

The sudden flight almost caused a panic and an awful breach of hospitality among the few who were quietly watching things. To cover an irrepressible chuckle I slipped away after K'dunk, who scrambled clear to the pie-plant patch before he stopped hopping. As I went I heard the gentle Mrs. James, soul of goodness and hospitality, coughing violently into her handkerchief, as if a rude draft had struck her sensitive throat; but it sounded to me more like a squirrel that I once heard snickering inside of a hollow pumpkin. However, the tenor sang on, and all was well. K'dunk meanwhile was engaged in the better task of ridding the garden of noxious bugs, sitting up at times, in a funny way he had, and scratching the place where his ear should be.

It was soon after this, when we all loved K'dunk better than ever, that the most astonishing bit of his queer life came to the surface. Unlike the higher order of animals, K'dunk receives no training whatever from his elders. The lower orders live so simple a life that instinct is enough for them; and so Nature, who can be provident at times, as well as wasteful, omits the superfluous bother of teaching them. But many things he did before our eyes for which instinct could never account, and many difficulties arose for which innate knowledge was not sufficient; and then we saw his poor dull wits at work against the unexpected problems of the universe.

As the summer grew hotter and hotter K'dunk left the doorstep and made for himself a better den. All toads do this in the scorching days—hollow out a retreat under a sod or root or rotten stump, and drowse there in its cool, damp shade while the sun blisters overhead. Just in front of the doorstep some broad flagstones extended across the lawn to the sidewalk. The frosts of many winters had forced them apart, some more and some less, and a ribbon of green grass now showed between many pairs of the stones. Where the ribbon was widest K'dunk found out, in some way, that the thin sod covered a hollow underneath, and he worked at this until the sod gave way and he tumbled into a roomy cavern under one of the flagstones. Here it was always cool, and he abandoned the doorstep forthwith, sleeping through the drowsy August days in the better place that his wits had discovered.

Now K'dunk, with good hunting in the garden and with much artificial feeding at our hands, grew fatter and fatter. At times when he came hopping home in the morning, swelled out enormously with the uncounted insects that he had eaten, he found the space between the flagstones uncomfortably narrow. Other toads have the same difficulty, and, to avoid it, simply scratch the entrance to their dens a little wider; but, dig and push as he would, K'dunk could not budge the flagstones.

He scratched a longer entrance after his first hard squeezing, but that did no good; the doorway was still uncomfortably narrow, and he often reminded me, going into his house, of a very fat and pompous man trying to squeeze through a turnstile, tugging and pushing and tumbling through with a grunt at last, and turning to eye the invention indignantly. To get out of his den was easy, for during the long day he had digested his dinner and was thin again; but how to get in comfortably in the morning with a full stomach, that was the question.

One morning I saw him come out of the garden, and I knew instantly that he had more trouble ahead. He had found some rich nests of bugs that night and had eaten enormously; his "fair round body" dragged along the grass as he crawled rather than hopped to his doorway, and his one desire seemed to be to tumble into his den drowsily and go to sleep. But, alas! he could not get in. He had reached the limit at last.

First he put his head and shoulders through, and by pulling at the under side

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of the flagstones tried to hitch and coax his way in. All in vain! His fat body caught between the obstinate flags and only wedged tighter and tighter. The bulging part without was so much bigger than the part within that he must have given it up at a glance could he only have seen himself. But he worked away with wonderful patience till he knew it was of no use, when he pushed himself out again and sat looking into his inhospitable doorway, blinking and tousled and all covered with dust and grass-roots. As he sat he kept scratching the place where his ear should be, as if he were thinking.

In a moment or two, as if he had solved the problem, he turned around and hitched his hind legs into the hole. He was going in backwards, but carefully, awkwardly, as if he were not used to it. This, however, was worse than the other, for his obstinate belly only wedged the tighter, and, with a paw down on either side of him, every push lifted him up instead of pulling him down. He gave up quicker than before, because his head was out now and he could see better how he was progressing. At last he lay down, as if he had solved the problem, and tried to squirm through his long doorway lengthwise. This was better. He could get either his hind legs or his head and shoulders through; but, like the buckets in the well, when one end was down the other end was up, and still his fat, obstinate body refused to go through with the rest. Still, he seemed to be making progress, for every teeter of head and legs worked his uncomfortable dinner into better shape. At the end he wedged himself too tight, and there was a harder scramble to get out than there had been to get in. By a desperate push and kick he freed himself at last, and sat, all tousled again, blinking into his doorway, scratching his ear, meditating.

Suddenly he turned and lowered his hind legs into the hole. He was more careful this time, afraid of being caught. When he had dropped through as far as he could go, he sat very still for some moments, supporting himself with a paw on either side. His jaws opened slowly —and, full of wonder at a curious twitching motion he was making, I crept near on hands and knees and looked down into his wide-open mouth. There was his dinner, all sorts of flies and night bugs, coming up little by little and being held in his great mouth as in a basket, while his stomach worked below and set up supplies to relieve the pressure.

Slowly he slipped down as the stones began to lose their hard grip. A squirm, a twist, a comfortable roll of his stomach, a sudden jounce—and the thing was done. K'dunk was resting with a paw on either flagstone, his body safe below and his mouth still wide open above holding its precious contents, like an old-fashioned valise that had burst open. Then he swallowed his disturbed dinner down again in big gulps, and with a last scramble disappeared into his cool den.

That night he did not come out, but the second night he was busy in the garden as usual. To our deep regret, he deserted both the doorstep and the den with its narrow opening under the flagstones. It may be that, in his own way, he had pondered the problem of what might have become of him had the owl been after him when he came home that morning; for when I found him again, he was safe under the hollow roots of an old apple-tree, where the entrance was wide enough to tumble in quickly, however much he had eaten. And there he stayed by day as long as I kept tabs on him.

As the summer waned and green things disappeared from the garden he deserted that also, going wider and wider afield in his night's hunting. He grew wilder, too, as all things do in the autumn days, till at last no whistle, however loud, would bring him back. Whether the owl caught him, or whether he still looks forward to the long life that Nature gives to the toads, I do not know; but under the edge of the portulaca-bed, as I write, is a suspicious hollow that the frosts and snows have not quite concealed. I shall watch that in the spring with more than common interest to know whether K'dunk the Fat One remembers his old friends.

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# Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem[1]

UNDER this title appear the two volumes which constitute the fourth preliminary report of a Committee of Fifty, organized some ten years ago for the purpose of studying thoroughly the liquor question.

The thoroughness, impartiality, and non-sectarian conclusions which the character of this Committee gave the public a right to expect characterize the four reports which have now been given by the Committee to the public.

Any review of this fourth and in some respects most important of the four reports, if it is not to exceed the limits of The Outlook's available space, must be confined to brief statements of conclusions, with but slight reference to the details upon which they are based. The investigations were in some cases carried out by sub-committees; in others intrusted to individual experimenters or compilers. We consider now the reports in detail.

That on Physiological Instruction is signed by a sub-committee, consisting of Dr. H. P. Bowditch and Dr. C. F. Hodge, and takes up one hundred and thirty pages of the first volume. An abstract is given of the temperance education laws of the various States of the Union, and the laws of Congress, applicable to the Territories and District of Columbia. These laws reflect the success of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in securing special and stringent legislation on this subject. The Committee gives likewise the answers it has received to a series of questions directed to teachers of physiology throughout the United States and Europe. They show every shade of opinion upon the text-books and present method of instruction, clearly influenced in some cases by the personal equation. Taking them at random, one finds such statements as:

"Great care should be taken to avoid all untruths and exaggerations with regard to alcohol and its effects. I have examined many so-called physiologies, written especially for alcoholic instruction, and can approve of none."

"I have seen evil results from the use of the text-books."

"Good, when untrammeled; a failure when hampered."

"Good results, if the teacher is honest."

"Misleading; generally untruthful."

"Results excellent, if well taught."

"This teaching judged by motives is good; judged by results is bad."

The arguments of Dr. Bowditch leading up to his conclusions are not urged with as great reserve nor stated as temperately as those following the chemical, medical, and physiological experiments, but nevertheless seem to justify the conclusion of the sub-committee that—

"Much of the so-called scientific temperance instruction in public schools is unscientific and undesirable, and is not in accord with the opinions of the large majority of the leading physiologists of Europe."

"It does not seem desirable to attempt to give systematic instruction to children in primary schools on the subject of alcoholic drinks. To older children it seems proper that the principal facts should be shown as to their effects, and especially the ethical relations of the subject, to enable them to form opinions and to distinguish between mere assertion and scientific evidence."

The report on digestion and secretion calls attention to the variety of processes included under the general term "Digestion" and taking place under the action of the saliva, the gastric and the pancreatic juices. The experiments under the direction of Professor Chittenden are admirably reported. They were directed to the action of alcohol and alcoholic liquors upon the rate of secretion and digestive power of the saliva and other secretions, and upon the nervous action which influences their functions. It was found that the "presence of five per cent. of absolute alcohol may lead to a slight increase in the digestive power of saliva, and even ten per cent. produces only a slight retardation." Acid wines interfered with the salivary digestion unless

[1] The Fourth Report of the Committee of Fifty on various aspects of the Liquor Question, covering the "Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem." Edited by John S. Billings, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2 vols, $4.50.



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neutralized by an alkaline fluid, such as vichy, for instance.

Upon gastric digestion alcoholic fluids produce a stimulation when employed in moderate quantities, and upon pancreatic digestion whisky, brandy, rum, etc., are somewhat detrimental to the digestive action. And the same is true of malt liquors, though in a way less pronounced than that exerted by wines, but "many non-alcoholic beverages have an equally pronounced inhibitory action; like tea and coffee, which are known to exert a similar influence, and ordinary ginger ale may produce as great an inhibition as a corresponding portion of lager beer or ale."

Professor Chittenden says: "These conclusions apply solely to the influence of the various liquors studied upon the purely chemical process of digestion, and do not afford data for drawing broad conclusions upon the influence of alcoholic drinks on alimentation." The Committee agrees with the more important conclusions of Professor Chittenden.

As to the effect of alcohol on brain workers: A circular-letter of inquiry was sent to 1,500 men in the United States engaged in mental work of a high class. It was found from their answers that the total abstainers were highest among clergymen (54 per cent.), lowest among physicians (1.40 per cent.), and that the percentage of regular drinkers was greatest among business men (26.50 per cent.). Of the total abstainers 10.30 per cent. reported themselves affected with indigestion, acute rheumatism, or nervous diseases. Of the occasional drinkers 6.80 per cent. were thus affected, and of the regular moderate drinkers 9.20 per cent. The moderate drinkers used mainly light wines; the occasional drinkers whisky or beer. The answers represented all shades of opinion, but in general agreed that the use of alcoholic drinks as a stimulus to mental effort gives unsatisfactory results, although the observations of men as to their own physical condition and its causes are not always reliable.

The relation of drink habits to insanity is discussed by Dr. J. S. Billings, and is based upon statistics and reports from New York and Massachusetts hospitals and correspondence with American and foreign alienists. From the totals it appears that 39 per cent. of insane persons had been total abstainers. In Massachusetts 36.87 per cent. of the insane had been total abstainers, while the insane patients passing through Bellevue and the Presbyterian Hospital were reported respectively as including 14 per cent. and 25 per cent. of total abstainers. The excessive drinkers among the insane in Massachusetts were 16.94 per cent. "As a rule, the use of liquor when it is a cause of insanity is merely one of a number of co-operative causes." "And it is not intended to state that even 25 per cent. of insane patients *owe* their insanity to alcohol."

The influence of alcohol on growth and development is considered by Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, and the report is based on experiments on the growth of yeast, the growth of kittens, the growth, intelligence, and activity and offspring of dogs, and upon the activity of rabbits. The experiments began in 1895, and were continued for two years. It is interesting to note the instinctive aversion of animals to alcohol: "Kittens refuse to drink milk with even the odor of alcohol about it." The dogs, the most intelligent of the animals experimented upon, "showed many of the nervous symptoms in evidence in human beings when under the long-continued influence of alcohol." "Fear is immediately recognized as a characteristic feature in alcoholic insanity, and delirium tremens is the most terrible fear psychosis knows." Under the influence of alcohol the dogs became timid. "Whistles in the distance threw them into a panic, in which they howled, while normal dogs simply barked." In respect to vigor of offspring, the superiority of normal to alcoholic pairs is most striking. These experiments also prove the general conclusions of hygienists, that in feats of strength and endurance alcohol should be avoided. The animals also showed a diminished resistance to certain diseases.

The conclusions amply justified are, that the normal resistance to certain germ diseases is markedly diminished

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by alcohol, which fact had been previously observed in human beings, and that rabbits undergo serious disturbances of important vital functions under the influence of alcoholic liquors.

The report of Dr. Abel on the pharmacological action of alcohol adds confirmation to the now well-recognized fact that the evil effects of drinking are produced *by the alcohol*, and not by natural ingredients of liquors, or adulterations. The Outlook published in 1888 the results of its investigation of liquors sold in New York in the better-class saloons and in "dives" on the water-front, showing the chief adulteration to be dilution with water, and in no case the presence of any ingredient at all comparable with the alcohol in influence upon the vital functions. This has since been amply confirmed by the reports of the Massachusetts, New York, and other Boards of Health. In Switzerland an advocate of moderate drinking experimented for eighteen months upon his children, whose ages ranged from ten to fifteen, several months' use alternating with several months of abstinence. During the wine periods the children were languid and less inclined to perform mental tasks, their nights more restless, and their sleep less refreshing. Two of the lads begged that they be excused from further wine-drinking, being impressed by their lack of condition. Dr. Abel agrees with the majority of observers that no benefit is derived by people in health from the use of alcohol, so far as its effect upon the nervous system is concerned.

The experiments quoted by Dr. Abel lead him to the following conclusions, with which the Committee agree; viz.:

Alcohol *in moderate quantities* does not appreciably affect the action of the heart itself, either in the way of stimulation or depression. (In very large quantities, such as result in helpless intoxication, alcohol is a direct and powerful depressant of the heart.) Nor does it affect the walls of the arteries and veins, nor the arterial blood-pressure. In large quantities the action is depressing upon the nerve-centers which control the arteries and the action of the heart. Alcohol stimulates the respiratory functions, highly flavored wines, etc., producing more pronounced action than plain alcohol. The action of alcohol on the nervous system is one of its most important and most unfortunate characteristics. It is this action which leads to the "craving" for drink.

Alcohol stimulates muscular work, but a paralyzing action always succeeds the stimulation, and further doses do not renew the stimulation equally; but some depressing effect also follows the stimulating use of tea, coffee, or kola.

The action of alcohol on the brain is the prime cause of alcoholic consumption. "Elderly people and invalids may receive benefit from moderate drinking, and there are many, in whom the exacting duties and friction of life cause mental tension and overwrought nerves, who find a good restorative in a glass of wine taken with dinner at close of day; but the use of alcohol is not a necessity of social life, and there is no reason why alcohol should not be abolished from the world, and the craving which it satisfies turned into some other channel."

The greater part of the second volume is taken up with Professor Atwater's report of experiments and researches upon the nutritive value of alcohol. This report has been separately published, at least in part, and around it has waged a violent battle. A careful consideration of the data given leaves one convinced of the care with which the experiments were conducted, and of the cautious and conservative conclusions.

Professor Atwater calls attention to the great dangers of excess, moderate drinking leading thereto, but seems to prove that while "not food in the sense that bread and meat are food," alcohol is, nevertheless, a food in the sense that starch is, being of the substances "which when taken into the body either build up tissue or yield energy." Alcohol undoubtedly yields energy by furnishing a fuel to the human engine, and to a certain extent preventing the breaking down and wasting of the proteid bodies, which are the true nutrients of the human system, but "the preponderance of evil resulting from the excessive use of alco-

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hol had led many to feel that any statement regarding the *moderate* use of alcohol is reprehensible." He adds: "If I may be permitted the expression of a personal opinion, it is that people in health, and especially young people, act wisely in abstaining from alcoholic beverages; but I cannot believe the cause of temperance in general, or the welfare of the individual, is promoted by basing arguments against the use of alcohol on anything less than attested facts."

The paper on "temperance drinks"[1] is interesting, if not as important as some. The statistics show an enormous consumption of these beverages; for instance, in Massachusetts at least 300,000 bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are sold annually, "and as this contains over 26 per cent. of alcohol, it is clear that many are partaking pretty freely of an alcoholic drink without perhaps being aware of it." A very large variety of drinks containing a greater percentage of alcohol than ordinary wines and beers are consumed in rigorous total abstinence circles, one of its foremost advocates permitting her picture to be used as an advertisement of one of the most alcoholic of these drinks. Tables give a list of forty-two such preparations containing from 6 per cent. as a minimum to 42 per cent. as a maximum of alcohol. Mentioning a few at random, we find "Paine's Celery Compound," 21 per cent.; "Hoofland's German Bitters," "entirely free from alcoholic stimulant," 25 per cent. alcohol; "Hostetter's Stomach Bitters," 24 per cent.; "Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters," 35 per cent.; "Ayer's Sarsaparilla," 26 per cent.; "Hood's Sarsaparilla," 18 per cent.; "Liebig Company's Beef Tonic," 23 per cent.

Dr. Welch's report on the pathological effects of alcohol concludes the second volume. It demonstrates that "alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable." The use of *concentrated* alcohol, or of *excessive* amounts of alcoholic beverages, produces injurious effects upon the stomach, but in many instances "even after the prolonged use of *diluted* alcohol the stomach appears nearly normal, both to the naked eye and under the microscope." "Long-continued excessive use of alcoholic drinks is by far the most common and important (though indirect) cause of cirrhosis of the liver in human beings." Many diseases of the nervous system are the direct result of excessive alcoholic stimulation.

Experiments show serious results from the use of alcohol during pregnancy. "Of twenty pregnant rabbits fed with alcohol seventeen aborted, and of these eight died a few days after birth." A fatal termination of Bright's disease, apoplexy, paralysis, insanity, pneumonia, and tuberculosis is predisposed by *excessive* alcoholic stimulation. Many persons drink beer, wine, and spirits in moderation throughout a long life without apparent impairment of health. Others are extremely susceptible. There is no question as to the injurious effects of a continued use of even small quantities of alcoholic liquors by children.

One of the most important effects of alcoholic indulgence is a lowered ability to resist disease. "Physicians recognize the graver prognosis of pneumonia, cholera, erysipelas, etc., in persons who habitually drink to excess. The belief that those who indulge freely in alcoholic liquors thereby acquire a certain degree of protection from tuberculosis is completely discredited."

The conclusions of the Committee relating to the instruction in schools have been quoted above. The rest may be condensed into the following statements:

Effects of moderate or occasional use of alcoholic drinks differ with individuals, age, occupation, climate, etc.

With the majority of occasional drinkers and moderate drinkers no especial effect upon health seems to be observed by themselves or their physicians, but in some such cases drinking is harmful; in a few it is thought to be beneficial.

Eighty per cent. of the leading brain workers of the United States use alcoholic drinks occasionally or regularly, in moderation. The use of such drinks to stimulate mental effort gives, on the whole, bad results. Even occasional or moderate use is likely to be harmful to young persons, mainly because of the danger of leading to excess. Among

[1] Under this name proprietary medicines and beverages are treated.

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diseased or infirm persons over fifty years of age, while sometimes useful, alcoholic beverages should be taken, if at all, with the last meal of the day.

The special effects are *due to the alcohol contained*, and other ingredients are of comparative small importance. "Fine old whiskies and brandies" are nearly as likely to produce injurious effects as are the cheaper grades, if taken in the same quantities.

In moderate quantities, beer, wine, and diluted whisky are in a certain sense foods, but they are seldom used for food purposes; mainly for their peculiar effects on the brain. In large quantities, and for some persons even in moderate quantities, they are poison.

Alcoholic drinks in moderate quantities may be useful as restoratives in fatigue after work is done, but often produce depression and a harmful effect when used just before or during labor, physical or mental. They are useless as preventives of infectious or contagious diseases; on the contrary, they appear to lessen the power of the organism to resist the cause of such disease. They are useless to prevent fatigue and effects of cold, and are almost always a useless expense. Their use in excess is the cause of much disease, suffering and poverty, and crime.

The Committee of Fifty desires it to be understood that all the reports so far issued are preliminary in their nature. This fourth report is certainly based on careful, conclusive experiments, and the deductions are sound and convincing.

# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Adjustment of Wages (The).** By W. J. Ashley. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 362 pages. $4.

The most important book on economics that has appeared this year. It is not a volume of abstract political economy, with shadowy refinements upon the generalizations of other political economists, but a volume dealing at first hand with the most important concrete problems of our industrial life. It is a political economy of the kind that Adam Smith wrote for the consideration of practical men of affairs, and not of the kind which pedants write for the consideration of one another. The central problem with which it deals is the development of collective agreements and boards of conciliation as the means of adjusting disputes between employers and employed. Only two industries are covered—coal-mining and iron-making—but these are precisely the two in which this method of wage adjustment has been most fully developed both in Great Britain and the United States. The industrial history of both industries in both countries is presented with a thoroughness of knowledge, keenness of insight, and impartiality of judgment that make its pages carry conviction. The author modestly attempts no final solution of the labor problem, but he shows most conclusively that in our age, wherever production on a large scale is coming to be the dominating feature of industrial life, collective bargaining between responsible organizations representing employers and employed is an almost irresistible tendency. No recent book on current history deals with events more vital.

**Algonquin Indian Tales.** Collected by Egerton R. Young. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5½×8 in. 258 pages. $1.25.

A collection of Indian myths and legends as related to the children of a mission in the Hudson Bay territory. It will interest a larger class of readers than the children for whom it was written.

**Bachelor Bigotries.** Compiled by an Old Maid and Approved by a Young Bachelor. Illustrated by an Ex-Bachelor. Published by a Young Married Man. Paul Edler & Co., San Francisco. 4½×8 in. 11 pages. $1, net.

**Change of Heart (The).** By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 172 pages. $1.25, net.

Half a dozen short stories of love, humor, and character, by an author whose work in this direction is appreciated by a very large audience. The tales are cleverly invented and they are charmingly written.

**Charles James Fox: A Political Study.** By J. L. Le B. Hammond. James Pott & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 370 pages. $2, net. (Postage, 13c.)

Reserved for later notice.

**Christopher Columbus.** Vol. II. By John Boyd Thacher. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8×11½ in. 699 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Consecrated Womanhood: A Sermon Preached in the First Congregational Church, Portland, Oregon.** By Frederic Rowland Marvin. J. O. Wright & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 37 pages.

**Edge of Things (The).** By Elia W. Peattie. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 256 pages. $1.25.

All of Elia Peattie's work has sincerity and directness and a certain lean strength about it, which is more than ever apparent in "The

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Edge of Things." This is another story of the hardness of ranch life in the West, softened somewhat by the introduction of the romance element, which weaves its transfiguring spell for the central figures in the picture.

**Eleanor Dayton.** By Nathaniel Stephenson. John Lane, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 315 pages.

It is a pleasure to come across a novel so refined in purpose and manner. The book is a healthful and enjoyable contrast to the "romances" poured forth nowadays helter-skelter from the presses. Its people are clean, real, honorable American men and women; the events of their lives are usually in the realm of the probable, although there are both tragedy and excitement in them; the style is dignified, equable, and cultivated. In Eleanor herself Mr. Stephenson has drawn a woman worth knowing, and the portraiture is admirable. Although the author disowns any intention of writing a war novel, the passages relating to the Civil War are vivid.

**Fifer-Boy of the Boston Siege.** By Edward A. Rand. Illustrated. Jennings & Pye, New York. 5×7½ in. 326 pages. 50c., net.

A juvenile book, written with more of patriotic spirit than style, but likely to hold the interest of the readers for whom it is intended.

**First Latin Book (A).** By Clifford H. Moore, Ph.D. (Twentieth Century Text Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 298 pages. $1.10.

**Girl's Life in a Hunting Country (A).** By Handasyde. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 211 pages.

Rather a colorless tale, told in the first person by the rather colorless companions of an English *grande dame*. It is all very quiet and well-bred—even with horses and week-end parties—and ends with the culmination of the rather colorless *dame de compagnie's* rather colorless romance.

**God's Will and My Life.** By L. G. Broughton. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 3½×6 in. 30 pages.

**Greek Lessons for Beginners.** By F. S. Morrison and T. D. Goodell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Twentieth Century Text Books.) 5½×8 in. 304 pages. $1.50.

**Handbook of the New Library of Congress in Washington.** Compiled by Herbert Small. Curtis & Cameron, Boston. Illustrated. 6½×8¾ in. 112 pages.

**History of Contract Labor in the Hawaiian Islands (The).** By Katharine Coman, Ph.D. (Publications of the American Economic Association. Third Series. Vol. IV., No. 3.) Published for the American Economic Association by the Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9½ in. 68 pages. 75c.

**History of the Treman, Tremaine, Truman Family in America (The).** By Ebenezer Mack Treman and Murray E. Poole, D.C.L., LL.D. Press of the Ithaca Democrat, Ithaca, New York. In 2 vols. 6×9¼ in.

**House on the Sands (The).** By Charles Marriott. John Lane, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 345 pages.

Mr. Marriott always shows intellectual strength in his fiction work. The present novel has also subtlety of study in character. It deals largely with the philosophy of economic and political principles. As a novel it is, one regrets to say, unmistakably dull.

**Innocent Industries; or, Kindergarten Tales for Industrious Infants.** By Oscar von Gottschalck. R. H. Russell, New York. Illustrated. 7×11 in. 50 pages. $1.25.

**Jonathan Edwards.** By Isaac Crook, LL.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 96 pages. 35 cents.

**Knocker (The).** By Frank C. Voorhies. Illustrated by E. B. Bird. The Mutual Book Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 60 pages. 50c.

**Life of Philander Chase, First Bishop of Ohio and Illinois, Founder of Kenyon and Jubilee Colleges.** By his Granddaughter, Laura Chase Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 341 pages. $3, net.

**Manual of Statistics (The), 1903. Twenty-fifth Annual Issue.** The Manual of Statistics Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 1,044 pages. $5.

An encyclopædia of official data for investors. Three hundred pages are devoted to the capitalization and earnings of railroads, five hundred to the same figures wherever obtainable for industrial corporations, a hundred to the highest and lowest quotations of all securities quoted in American Exchanges during 1901 and 1902, fifty to the securities of banks and trust companies, and two hundred to miscellaneous statistics, chiefly relating to the production and prices of the most important articles of commerce. The whole is admirably arranged and carefully indexed, so that the reader can always turn at once to the subject of his inquiry.

**Modern Chess Problem (The).** By Philip H. Williams, A.C.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 252 pages. $1.50, net.

**Mysteries of Mithra (The).** By Franz Cumont. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. Illustrated. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 239 pages. $1.50, net.

Not even in the later epoch of Islamic invasion, we think, was Europe in greater peril of becoming Asiaticized than in the third century after Christ. The resemblance between the courts of the Roman Emperors in the time of Diocletian and those of Eastern monarchs is evident. Upon the worship of the sun in particular the deified sovereigns of the West endeavored to rear their monarchical absolutism. Their political ambitions were admirably served by the spread of Persian religious cults in Italy. Especially the worship of Mithra should be noted, a cult as yet too little understood both by students of history and of religion. The present volume therefore is specially interesting. It does not attempt to seek for the causes which explain the establishment of Oriental religions in the Italy of the Diocletian period; it simply shows why a certain Oriental sect failed to become the dominant religion of the Empire. Professor Cumont does well in emphasizing the facts that Greek civilization never succeeded in establishing itself among the Persians, and that Roman civilization never really subjected the Parthians. Hither Asia always remained unamenable to reciprocal assimilation. De-

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spite this, we know that the Oriental religions exercised marked influence on Occidental culture at three different periods: (1) by impressing Judaism with Parseeism; (2) by influencing European thought through Mazdaism; and (3) by preparing the minds of the Occident for the reception of a new faith—Manichæism.

**Place and Power.** By Ellen T. Fowler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 381 pages. $1.50.

With the sermons and discursive indulgences in moral reflection left out this would be a good book. Its story is interesting. English country life and that of the ambitious and successful political career are well depicted. The conversations are cleverly managed and the characters are alive, if not always consistent.

**Portage Paths the Keys of the Continent.** By Archer B. Hulbert. Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. (Historic Highways of America.) 5½×8 in. 194 pages.

The latest addition to that interesting series, "Historic Highways of America," contains a discussion of the various portage paths which, as the author rightly holds, were the keys of the continent. These little pathways connected the heads of our rivers and lakes or offered thoroughfares around cataracts and rapids. The portages were of great strategic importance, as is proved by the location at them of forts, trading stations, camp-grounds, and villages. As the author has attempted to treat the subject in a single monograph, he describes for us only the best-known portages. Those which most influenced our history lie in the territory south of the Great Lakes, between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi.

**Rational Method in Reading (The): Fifth Reader.** By Edward G. Ward. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 6×7½ in. 302 pages. 58 cents.

**Rational Method in Spelling (The).** By Edward G. Ward and Emma L. Johnston. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 6×7½ in. 156 pages. 30 cents.

**Real John Wesley (The).** By William Henry Meredith. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×8 in. 425 pages. $1.25.

A badly named book, as it is a eulogy and not a revelation of Wesley's character; a poorly written book, as it has many defects in style and a few in historical accuracy; but not the less a very interesting book, as it gives the personal and familiar side of a literally epoch-making life.

**Schemers (The).** By Edward F. Harkins. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 396 pages. $1.50.

This story concerns itself with the Boston shop-girl and the Harvard student. It is a clumsy production, and the portraiture, though it may be true enough in certain instances, is hardly typical of either employee or undergraduate, as the author would have one infer.

**Story of Book Concerns (The).** By W. F. Whitlock, D.D., LL.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×6 in. 204 pages. 25c., net. (Postage, 4c.)

**Swain School Lectures.** By Andrew Ingraham. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 4×8 in. 197 pages. $1, net.

**Teacher and the Child (The).** By H. Thistleton Mark. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 165 pages. 75c., net.

**Teachings of Jesus Concerning Wealth (The).** By Gerald D. Heuver. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 208 pages. $1, net.

A scholarly presentation of the economic conditions of the people to whom Christ spoke and a sensible discussion of his teachings. The author naturally interprets Christ's views into accord with his own, but his own views have, in a degree hardly less marked, been brought into accord with those of Christ. His discussion is characterized by moral sense as well as common sense. We wish, however, that he somewhere presented in logical sequence without interlineation just what Christ said on the subject in question. This has been done most impressively in a little tract by "Discipulus," published by the New York Collectivist Society.

**Teaching Truth.** By Mary Wood-Allen, M.D. Wood-Allen Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, Michigan. 4½×6 in. 97 pages. 50 cents.

**That Betty.** By Harriet Prescott Spofford. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 200 pages. $1.

Mrs. Spofford has done many better things than "That Betty" in fiction. It is a tale of society and Settlement work, told in very remarkable language for the serving-woman who is supposed to relate it, and seems to us quite as profoundly untrue to life as it is eminently moral in tone and conclusion.

**Toledo Manuscript of the Germania of Tacitus.** By Frank F. Abbott. University of Chicago Press. (Decennial Publications.) 8½×11 in. 44 pages. 50 cents.

**Two Boys (The).** By J. Paul Lowell. The Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, Ohio. 5×7 in. 222 pages.

**Unity of Plato's Thought (The).** By Paul Shorey. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. (Decennial Publications.) 8½×11 in. 88 pages. $1.25.

**Vagabond (The).** By Frederick Palmer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 476 pages.

Mr. Palmer is one of the very best of war correspondents and writers of newspaper letters. He has also, in the field of fiction, done capital work in short stories, mainly of army life. Here he attempts his first novel. Frankly, we find the work very uneven. There are excellent bits of character depiction and of dialogue; some of the war scenes have abundant spirit and thrill; the tone and purpose of the book are clean aud high-minded. On the other hand, the book sadly needs compression; there are spots of superfluous sentiment; there is, above all, altogether too much monologue by the characters about themselves and by the author about his characters. The hero is a little boy who dreams of "a search for a mountain, a mine, and a girl" (one particular little girl), and in his after life finds all three, winning the girl despite the fact that she is a Virginian enthusiast for secession and he a Yankee captain.

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# Correspondence

## "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"[1]

### I.—Should Both Preach and Practice

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Below your editorial "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" in the issue of August 29, a friend has written, "What mischief may be wrought by this article!" After careful reading, I quite agree with the comment, and wonder at the reason for the article in the mind of the writer. It is not only that it seems to contradict the consensus of opinion on the subject, but that it lacks the usual good judgment and clearness of The Outlook's editorials. It certainly gives opportunity for misconception. One does not have to go back to the story of Cain and Abel for teaching on this point. The New Testament is enough. The preaching and teaching of our Lord always accompanied his perfect example. He called his disciples "Friends." He did not fail to warn, rebuke, commend. But, without dwelling on the abundant words of the Word, the heart of a friend cannot be satisfied not to speak in the time of his friend's need.

The manner of the article is one which wounds. To describe what may be loving, faithful warning or advice to a friend as "preaching" seems like an attempt to beg the question. To assume that a friend who sees a loved one going to the bad, making a serious mistake, ignorantly pursuing some fatal course, and who tries to show the right way, tactfully warns, kindly offers his help to show the way God has given, to win to Christ, is therefore trying to become "master of his life," trying to "bend it into conformity with his own," is very weak. Your editorial limits all friendly help of any sort to poorest selfishness.

Why not say, "Always practice, but also do not fail to speak the wise friendly word in season"? Take out of the church and society in general the men led back to the truth and right by the loving, tender pleading and warning of their best friends, and what vacancy would remain! How much many of our own lives would lack had they been without not only the example of their friends, but also without the word in season!

There are two classes of people who will be glad of the enunciation of this idea of friendship: one, the person who, following some wrong course, as tippling, does not want to be reminded of his danger or rebuked for it; and, second, the person who wants an excuse for refusing to do personal work in the saving of souls. Dr. Samuel Green, of Ceylon, said: "Don't let the devil get control of your tongue, even to silence it." There may be as false a pride in diffidence, or in parading an example, as in speech. What especially tries the reader of the article is the seemingly unfair presentation of what may be tactful, loving help; a misrepresentation of the friend who would help his friend to love and righteousness as they are in Christ as well as live his belief. "Hector," "lecture," "preach"—is this the treatment to be accorded without qualification to all earnest words for the guiding, uplifting of another? Is there only one kind of effort, that of example? Are the others only those so caricatured by The Outlook? C. B.

### II.—"I am Responsible"

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

It seems to me that your editorial "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" is a strange exaggeration and distortion of truth for such a well-balanced paper as The Outlook to publish. You say, "Do not preach; simply practice." Then why do you write "preaching" editorials? Why do you tell your subscribers what you think is their duty, if, as you say, any wish on a man's part to bend another's life not in conformity with his conscience is a violation of the divine order? Do you think that Monica was wrong in urging her son Augustine to become a Christian? Do you think that Jerry McAuley was wrong when he put his arms around the drunkards in Water Street and begged them to repent? Was Paul wrong when he pleaded with men night and day with tears? Was Jesus wrong when he

[1] Comment on these letters will be found on the editorial pages of this issue.



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said to Peter and John, "Follow me, and I will make you to become fishers of men?" The value of unconscious influence can hardly be too strongly stated, but every great religious leader from the time of the Apostles down to the days of Moody and Henry Drummond has used more than that. They have used besides all the direct personal influence they could command to lead men one by one to become disciples of Jesus Christ.

The editorial assumes that strong persuasion violates personal freedom. I believe that this is a mistaken idea. Direct personal influence seeks to do one of two things: either to get men to realize truth so vividly that they cannot refuse to act upon it, or, in case they are already convinced of what is the right course to take, to induce them to follow it. The first of these objects is one of the motives of every teacher and preacher, and certainly does not violate freedom of the will, as it is an appeal simply to the imagination and the reason. To the second aim, of personal influence only, the objection of The Outlook applies, and there it is not valid. If I see a man trying to commit suicide, and do not seek to prevent him, I am guilty of murder. For the same reason, if I find a man refusing to do what he admits is the right thing to do, if I fail with all my power to plead with him, I am guilty of his spiritual downfall. By keeping still, instead of guarding myself from interfering with his real freedom, I aid him to become a slave.

Whether he will or not, each man is his brother's keeper. This is one of the laws of the society into which we are born. Because of the solidarity of the race, in every other man's act I act in a certain measure, and therefore for his action, so far as my influence can affect it, as well as for my own action, I am responsible. J. E. R.

### III.—"I Cannot Change My Brother"

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

"Your little sermon, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" in the issue of August 26, overthrows all my theories and sets me quite at sea; in fact, it worries me, for it is a new way to me of looking at an old subject, and I must confess, even though it is wrong from the standpoint of your article, that I have thought it *was* my duty to a large extent to be "my brother's keeper," and when, from sheer lack of strength to cope with the problem, I have had to give up the task, I have shut my eyes and said, "Well, I know I ought to keep on, though I seem to make no progress, but it is impossible;" and my conscience, or something, would keep reproaching me when I would say, "I've done all I can, it is of no avail." Now, could I take your words to myself and really bring myself to believe them, I would be much happier, but I positively cannot yet do so; though, judging by results, I might just as well have followed your advice, "Do not hector him, do not lecture him," and, last and most weakening, "Do not, in your own mind, assume responsibility for him." For it seems to me that, after all, "though one rose from the dead," I cannot change "my brother" by my life or admonition.

What am I to do, then, when I am one of those who cannot be content to say, "What is, is"? I cannot sit by happily and joyously and see a loved one deliberately ruin his life, ruin his soul and body, and enter no word of protest. Can any one human? I know that "all men like these fruits, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, etc.," but, after a while of browsing with us in this "orchard" among these lovely fruits, if we simply practice and do not preach, and our hearts leap up and rejoice at what we consider a regeneration, due in part to our good example, why, oh! why does our loved "brother" tire and leave us and go back to the "flesh-pots of Egypt"? Oh! if I only knew the answer, I could succeed, where now I fail with bitter tears!

E. A. F. R.

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### An Industrial School

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

One of the most interesting phases of the development of the South is the growth in that section of industrial education for whites as well as blacks. The Outlook has noted from time to time Southern schools of this character. The

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latest which has called for attention is the Boys' Industrial School at Rome, Georgia, which has grown out of the unselfish and devoted work of a lady who, five or six years ago, gathered a few boys together in a log cabin on her place on Sunday afternoons to read aloud to them. From this small beginning a school with two or three buildings, a modest library, a corps of teachers, and a manual training department has grown. The aim of the school is to educate "bright, ambitious, energetic boys who have had no chance to get an education." Such schools as this, while they are primarily local institutions and must depend largely on local support, have some National interest and significance as indications that industrial and manual training is rapidly growing throughout the country. To know something about practical agriculture and practical mechanics is a good thing for any boy, no matter what his color, condition, or purpose in life may be.

### The Mission Indians

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In an article by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, on the Mission Indians, published in your issue of July 25, I noticed that no mention is made of a number of persons and Indian Associations that for some years have interested themselves in the welfare of the Mission Indians.

In 1897, prior to the formation of the Sequoia League, I believe, the Indian Rights Association undertook the defense of the title of the Warner's Ranch Indians to the land on which they then lived, in the Supreme Court of California. This association carried the case on appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The cost of this litigation to the Indian Rights Association was $2,450.

About two and a half years ago Mr. S. M. Brosius visited Southern California, and, after an extensive trip to the rancherias of the Mission Indians, made a report on their condition to the Indian Rights Association. The expense of this trip was about $100. At about the same time Miss Constance J. Du Bois, of the Woman's Indian Association, made a similar trip through the Mission Indian country. Her report was published by the Indian Rights Association.

The appointment of a special commission to aid the Honorable Secretary of the Interior in selecting a tract of land for the new home of the Warner's Ranch Indians was, in my belief, the result of the joint action of the Indian Rights Association, the Sequoia League, United States Senator Thomas R. Bard, the Hon. A. K. Smiley, Bishop Joseph H. Johnson, of Los Angeles, and the Rt. Rev. Henry B. Restorick (now Bishop of Honolulu).

CHARLES L. PARTRIDGE,
Formerly Special United States Commissioner for the Warner's Ranch Indians.

### A Correction

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your issue of July 11 there was, in Mr. White's "Forest," an error which seems to be of sufficient importance to call attention to. I am sure when this is done both you and Mr. White will be glad to have the correction made. Mr. White, in speaking of the "Woods Indians" of northern Canada, makes mention of the use of a system of syllabic characters by which they readily learn to read the Scriptures, etc., all of which is perfectly correct. Mr. White's error consists in attributing this wonderful invention to a priest. It is a matter of simple record, and concerning which there is no dispute in this country, that the invention of this system was the result of the thoughtful devotion of the Rev. James Evans, a Methodist missionary to the Cree Indians of Canada. The story of his conception of this great work, his self-made press and type cut from blocks of wood and later cast into molds from melted tea-lead, is most interesting. Any one who wishes to read this chapter in the romance of modern missions can find it fully treated in a little book entitled "Apostles of the North," by E. R. Young, Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Canada.

"Honor to whom honor is due."

F. A. WIGHTMAN.
Alberton, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

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